THE FORUM

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THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WORLD

WALLACE RICE

Patria cara, carior Libertas, Veritas carissima.

—FRANCIS LIEBER

AMERICANS have been warned by many a visitor from abroad that danger lurked within the admission to our national life of millions upon millions of continental Europeans, reared under conditions of varying freedom or despotism, but always under conditions varying from our own. We have smiled with our usual assurance, confident that "some things can be done as well as others," serene in that national quality which Mr. John A. Hobson calls one of our greatest assets, our refusal to be governed by failure. Because other nations may have suffered from an indigestible number of immigrants in times past is to us no reason for belief that we in turn may suffer.

In truth we have had reason for believing that our institutions are so filled with warmth and light, with fertile showers and sunny breezes, that no newcomer can long withstand their beneficent influence. Under them we have seen the Roman Catholic Church, as conservative as it is ancient, so adapt itself to an absolute divorce of Church and State that its hierarchs have suggested to Europe that our system is worthy of examination. We have seen, too, the German Jew, within a generation of his leaving the old-world ghetto, throw off mediævalism and take on a complete Americanism. Surely we have proved anew the truth of Æsop's fable of the man with the cloak. Our suns have done at home what north winds abroad have quite failed in.

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Suddenly we awake to a cataclysmic war involving four major and as many minor Powers in Europe and one of the great Powers of Asia, with the end not yet. Ourselves deriving our law and government from England, under profound obligations to France, the sister republic, for our original liberties, and to Russia for freedom from foreign intervention during the war between the States, sympathetic with Servia and Montenegro in their struggle for nationality, and in an extraordinary degree with Belgium for the resistance she is making to the deliberate disregard of treaty obligations by her powerful neighbor, the Allies have commanded from the beginning our personal respect, coupled with as earnest a desire as is compatible with complete national neutrality to see them successful. For against them are arrayed the two Kaisers, the elder the incarnation of dynastic tyranny, and the younger an equal believer in the divine rights of kings and the religious sanctity of war as war. We thought we had laughed those things out of the world years ago.

We have in our body politic large representations of every European tongue; scores of languages other than our own, which is and always has been English, are spoken in our cities. We apprehend Mr. Howells's comment on his visit to England, that what struck him forcibly there was its being populated by the English; there are hundreds of places in the United States where one is seldom out of sight and hearing of foreign looking and foreign speaking people. Our personal acquaintance with these is often extensive; I myself know men and women from nearly every country in Europe, German, Russian, and Polish Jews, as well as Japanese, Chinese, Syrians, Turks, and Negroes, and my case is not exceptional. This, as will be shown, is a valuable factor in national education, making for tolerance.

In spite of this apparent foreign admixture, the American people is more homogeneous than we ourselves suppose. Careful inquiry shows that a full half of us are descended without admixture from ancestors enrolled in the first census—the first census taken in modern times by any nation, in 1790. Only three-twentieths are of foreign birth. About one-fifth have one or two foreign parents. The other three-twentieths go back to a grandparent or further for foreignness. As in these three latter classes

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there are many wholly assimilated, the older stock is in a large majority.

Not only are we homogeneous, but we have kept the reins of popular opinion and of government in our own hands. Seldom is anybody of even slightly foreign tinge permitted a determining voice in our public affairs, State or national. In spite of a preponderant foreign-born or foreign-parented population in our large cities, such of their representatives as are admitted to their government do the bidding of men of the older stock. Whatever the corruption in our politics, past or present, we have ourselves to blame; if the foreign-born citizen is bribed, we have done the bribing. Predominantly Protestant as we are, we have been slow to admit those of other creeds to positions of power; they do not to-day hold the dominant positions in our governments to which their numbers entitle them; when they do appear they are often from families long in the country and always in accord with us. Our newspapers, our magazines, and our literature are in the control of the older stock. It is hardly too much to say that our entire foreign population, however naturalized, is voiceless unless it speaks with an American accent.

Of all who come to us, those from the British Isles and colonies are, of course, the most readily assimilable. It does not take a single generation to turn the English and Scotch and Canadians into Americans, and the Irishman was not far wrong who boasted that his people were the only ones who come over that are not foreigners. Yet this older stock of ours is by no means undilutedly English. The eighteenth century, hardly less in proportion than the nineteenth, saw a mingling of Knickerbocker Dutch, French Huguenots, Delaware Swedes, Scotch-Irish, Moravians, Swabians, and Hessians, to say nothing of French and Spanish, with those who settled here during the century previous. Mentioning the fact to a Russian Jewess that all the lines of descent centring in me were in this country before 1650, she replied candidly that she did not know there were any such people in America. It speaks volumes for our fairness of treatment that many more recent comers have no knowledge of the older stock.

Now this people was born in revolution, has grown up under the guaranties of our constitutional Bill of Rights, is nurtured on

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the Declaration of Independence, and since the war between the States has been welded into a nation. We inherit English ideas of liberty, we model our organic laws upon those of the Mother Country, we take the Common Law for our system of jurisprudence. We have been a free people, unhampered by European traditions and precedents, for 138 years, and there has been no self-curtailment of our freedom; we have been careless of governmental efficiency, yet we have grown more efficient; and there has lately been a pronounced movement to return to our constitutional guaranties and to the people for our national refreshment. Still, though the party now in opposition is not as devoted to Jefferson's principles as that in power, the feeling has always been fully ours that free government is preferable to good government, however desirable the latter may be. We are conscious of faults which have been made manifest in our system, and desire to remedy them. Perhaps there was never less blatant self-satisfaction among us than at the present time. Europe has made us think.

I do not believe intelligent Americans feel ours to be the best government possible to mankind; rather is it their hope by making it the freest eventually to make it the best. We are well aware that the British idea of a responsible ministry has made the government of the Mother Country and its colonies more popular, rather than less, and we have been chagrined to see European nations adopt the British rather than the American constitutional method when assuming parliamentary freedom. But what we do enormously value is the great fact that the British Isles, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the South African Union, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and our own Federal Union with its Sovereign States constitute nearly fourscore magnificent experiment stations for the working out of free and freer government for mankind, all bound toward this shining goal, and for the first time in history pledged one and all to increasing liberty. We have no desire to see this mighty power for good threatened in any of its members; and we believe that driving it into militarism is such a threat. Indeed, we believe in liberty so thoroughly that to imagine any portion of this vast sweep over four continents desirous of bring-

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ing unwilling constituents into our huge English-speaking family is, I think, inconceivable. If our ideas are to conquer the world they will accomplish it chiefly by peaceful example.

Since the United States came into being we have seen twenty republics established in the Americas and two in Europe, not less than eleven European monarchies adopt the British principle of governments directly responsible to parliaments and people, and noted with high approval the practically complete governmental independence of the larger and older British colonies. It is a peculiar pleasure to us that in this broad area there is no acceptance of the mediæval theory of the divine right of kings, because our own revolution dealt the death-blow to that heresy in England, and from the same prolific cause came the freedom of the British colonies in the course of the years. Ireland is being accorded Home Rule, and the Philippines are being educated in self-government. With us it is always more liberty, not less, and liberty with us means peace.

The republics of South and Central America have been allowed to work out their own destinies, free from European intervention, through the Monroe Doctrine, which has come to be as much a part of our national being as the constitution itself. There has been criticism of it among us, as there is always criticism of all politics; but we rejoice to-day to find a hemisphere at peace as one of its results. Not only are we free from war, but this national policy of ours has kept its inexpressible calamities from the whole New World. We have ourselves liberated Cuba, have been setting Mexico upon rather unsteady legs, and have little of international misconduct to regret in this generation except the manner of our establishing the republic of Panama, and for this we are seeking to make reparation to Colombia. The American republics are not only unthreatened by war, but they are free from armaments and arm-bearers to an extent unknown in history. Such standing armies as we have are on duty as police, nothing more or less.

Not only does this state of affairs give the lie direct to much of European statesmanship, but our administration of our internal affairs overthrows every denial of greater liberty to the European peoples. Must the Jews be immured in ghettoes, con-

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fined within a pale, restricted in citizenship, and be subjected to calumnies and atrocities? We have two millions of them in America, of whom a half live in Greater New York alone. It is probable that our older stock itself shows no such industry and thrift, and no higher appreciation of our educational facilities and our constitutional guaranties and liberties. Are the Poles incapable of self-government? More than a million of them within half-a-dozen American cities prove the contrary. We knew long before the British found it out that the Irish were to be trusted with Home Rule. Are Germans and Austrians, Hungarians and Bohemians to be made and kept good only through police espionage and the tenderness of the drill-sergeant? The reply from every American throat is an indignant denial; we have no more law-abiding citizens. To secure the benefits of Christianity is it needful to bolster up any creed by taxes wrung from unbelievers in it? Our whole religious atmosphere demonstrates the contrary. In order to be happy under government must there be a privileged aristocracy, military or other, for whom special laws are made and administered?

The answer to this last question involves some of the fundamentals of American character as developed since 1776. Jefferson held it as one of the excellences of such a society as ours that we were free to choose our public servants from among our best, instead of having good, bad, and indifferent foisted upon us through such aristocratic devices as primogeniture and the law of entail; while Mr. Walter Hines Page finds our whole citizenship continually refreshed by what he happily calls "our power to recruit from the rear." Jefferson wrote other words which remain as an inspiration for every American. However sneered at as glittering generalities (there are no sacred cows among our American ideals), we do believe as a people "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," quite as much as we believe "that governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." We do not believe, as some logic-choppers have argued, that all men are born with equal bodies and brains any more than that all mankind are born men

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and not women; but we do hold, and it has been always before our eyes, that a just government will accord to everybody an equal opportunity for the best development of his powers as a servant of the State and of humanity.

As a result every American, to an extent almost incredible to a European, believes himself to be as good as the next man. He cherishes it as a conviction even when direct proof to the contrary is before him. Made conscious of a better education, better breeding, better abilities, even better character, he goes away saying to himself, "I'm as good as he is." During the German advance on Paris I heard one of my countrymen observe, "Ol' King Bill's some squash, ain't he?" The title was used for purpose of identification only; the whole tone of the observation was that of an equal bestowing praise where praise is due. The same strain runs through our body politic. In some of its manifestations, as in the case of arrivals in the land not yet used to the idea, it is big with possibilities of irritation; viewed, however, as a symptom of growing democracy, it is as endurable as growing pains are to a lad who wishes to be six feet tall. We have no caste in America, and little desire for any. We cannot secure for ourselves so much as a class of domestic servants. Socialists fail to inculcate class-consciousness among us. Laboring people will not vote for their own immediate interests because they do not admit to themselves that they will stay laborers. The clerk is as conservative as his employer, looking forward to his coming employerhood. We have no social pariahs other than wrongdoers, and we have such a fluidity of society as civilization never knew before.

In consequence we are tolerant, we love fair play, we listen to both sides of a question. We have no political parties based on religious belief, social eminence, or economic status—except the socialists, and American-born children of these imported doctrinnaires come into the historical parties. Some of our newcomers distribute themselves unequally between these, but this tends to die out. There is less and less acceptance of heredity and more and more independence in politics. One fine result of it all, acting and retroacting, is that we are religiously, socially, and economically tolerant on one side, and politically tolerant on the other.

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The day after election the most rancorous of political foes meets a successful opponent with the smiling remark, "You got us this time, but we'll take it out of you four years from now." It is only fair to observe that the most intolerant persons we have had among us have been Americans of the old stock, and they have seldom misbehaved since the 'forties. Religion comes into our politics, paradoxically enough, only when we fear it has come in, and disappears as promptly as it came, once the silly fear is removed. Broadly speaking, the aristocrats among us, social or intellectual, do not appeal so weightily as others, so little of direct power do they wield. In all such things I believe America to be without any superior, as she is without precedent. We are really free, in a sense that would delight Jefferson's heart.

I have been at such length in discoursing upon well-known national characteristics because recent events force me to believe that of all the intelligent nations in the world our American ideals are most at odds with those of the German Empire, of the German people in Germany, and of certain professional Germans who are my fellow-citizens to-day. I do not blink the evils of Czardom, but they are the evils of all countries backward educationally, politically, and economically. As the Crimean War was followed by the liberation of the serfs, the Japanese War by the institution of the Douma, so there bids fair to come from this turmoil the independence of Poland and perhaps of Bohemia, greater autonomy for Finland, and toleration for the Jew. Already increased powers have been granted the Russian people, and a national consciousness is awakening that promises the greatest things. Russia has had little chance heretofore to make her choice between a greater freedom or a less; but in her people there is a sincere, a passionate, a martyr-like devotion to the cause of liberty that follows education, leaving the greatest hope that the spread of intelligence will mean the growth in the Russian heart of our American ideals. The resemblances between the two peoples are more than superficial, and there should be the greatest sympathy between us.

It is upon education that America has rightly staked her future progress. Believing that knowledge is the beginning of wisdom, we have arranged, at Jefferson's instance, for the in-

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struction of our children upon the broadest possible scale. Holding that schooling gives comprehension and comprehension sympathy, we seek to enlarge the minds of our young to the idea of humanity, at the same time inculcating our American ideals. The event proves that our public schools have been a chief factor in the national assimilation of the children of foreign-born parents; not only this, but the association of such children with our own has stripped us of racial intolerance. Hatred of the foreigner is due solely to ignorance; intercourse with those of foreign birth is the surest step toward international brotherhood. The German people, so generally disliked through Europe, owe not a little of that dislike to their own lack of knowledge of other peoples. Our divorce of Church and State forces us to give our public instruction without the suspicion of a religious bias. In consequence many Germans among us, both Lutherans and Roman Catholics, maintain at their own expense parochial schools attached to their churches upon which their children rely for instruction. Well within their rights as they are, it would be better for them and better for us nationally if they had sent their progeny into the melting-pot with the rest. It would hardly be possible now, it must seem, for any of them so to mistake American sentiment if they had permitted themselves closer contact with us in the public schools.

We are sure that our schools make for peace at home and for peace among nations. They make it impossible for us to view with approval the racial rancors which disfigure Europe and have turned it into a maelstrom of hate. Seeing and knowing every European nationality almost daily from infancy to age leaves dislike of any of them out of the question. The dislike of us in Germany finds no reciprocal dislike in our hearts. We know Germans to be industrious, thrifty, law-abiding, and God-fearing.

But if our American schools do this for us, what do the German schools do for Germany? The Germans have more schooling than we, but have they our practical education? Are they not taught war as an essential to their civilization? Is not that bitterest foe of democracy, the warrior tradition, drummed into them from the kindergarten through the university? Is not a narrow patriotism, basing itself not upon humanity, not even

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upon the Germans as a people, but upon an unwavering obedience to a military chief, a necessary part of the training of every German?

If these things are true, how are the products of the German school and of the American school to find themselves in sympathy? We have had none from them. We are nowhere taught to envy and hate the English, to regard the French as bitter enemies seeking revenge, to despise the Russians as barbarians, to sneer at the Italians, to suspect socialists, to feel the enmity against the Papacy which made possible a Kulturkampf, or to sharpen the absurd prejudices against the Jew which flame into a Judenhetze. Our professors do not inculcate the idea that it is right for us to have a protective tariff and wrong for Germany to enforce one; on the contrary our colleges teach free trade, that great step toward international amity. We are not taught at any time that Germany's policy toward us is threatening or to be feared, or that she herself is to be patterned after in nothing, as German students are taught regarding the Monroe Doctrine and our political faith. We are nowhere instructed that our government is an instrument for human betterment the perfection of which demands its extension over the rest of the world, by the sword, if necessary. We are not made to believe in our impressionable years that our country has always been right or other countries always wrong. Most of all, we are taught peace and remain as we began, a pacific nation. The German has been taught war as a religion. We are viewing the inevitable result. And we are not, and cannot be, in sympathy with it.

The deadening effect of militarism upon thought may be seen in the statements of distinguished German professors published since the news of war shattered the world's hope. If any one of them has professed sorrow for this, for the awful blow to civilization following, for the outrage upon Belgium, for the wrong done all humankind, he has not made himself heard. There is no seeming thought of disarmament on the part of any German publicist in the future, however distant; the army has come to be an empire's conception of the normal state of humanity. Knowing that the United States or Great Britain has never gone forth to battle without some energetic protest from its own peo-

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ple, we can only marvel at the effect of military discipline upon the human intellect. Knowing how ardently England and France are hoping for an eventual peace which will indeed "Ground Arms," we stand amazed at the German obsession. As a peaceful people, intelligent enough to maintain ourselves between Canada and Mexico without a border patrol or fortress along thousands of miles of frontier, our sympathies are compelled in a single direction. Our taste for militarism lessens from day to day, an end to which Germany is contributing mightily. And it hurts us to have a nation which has won our admiration in so many other fields now serving us in war as the Helots served Sparta in drunkenness.

For all her conquests in the arts and sciences has Germany left herself any the less a military despotism? His subjects have been urging that the German Emperor was powerless to wage war without the consent of the Bundesrath, even while they know that chamber to be dynastic, and in no sense popular; the lower house, where the sole power for war resides among free peoples, is powerless to advance or retard. Nay, it is wholly powerless at the point where it should be most powerful, for the Kaiser rules with a ministry of his own appointing, and may dismiss the subservient Reichstag at his will. There has been within a year a direct vote of loss of confidence in the government on its part, and nothing whatever happened; it was not even consequential enough to secure a dissolution of the chamber.

Such being the case, it must be asked what has the German people done to bring about a greater responsibility of its rulers to itself; in Jefferson's striking phrase, to bring the governors into moral fear of the governed? Its present constitution is practically that wrung from a mad ancestor of the Kaiser's in the 'fifties, after the lovers of liberty in Prussia had been imprisoned, exiled, and terrorised. Germany was a tyranny tempered by conspiracy in those days; not as now a tyranny with every regard for more freedom stripped from its heart. Who has heard of a German political conspiracy in this generation? What German in America has contributed to any movement at home as the Irish here have been contributing? It is profoundly significant that revolt against things-as-they-are is chiefly in socialistic

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hands, a yearning for more government rather than less. Significant, too, is the complete demonstration of the denial of the teachings of Lassalle and Marx and the willing march to die in droves for conquest and the divine right of kings!

Bismarck, wise with inhuman wisdom as he was, judged the socialists aright when he began offering them governmental sops. Persecution strengthened them, adversity hardened them, he learned, so he practised a more subtle bribery than he had found needful with opposing newspapers. Little by little the revolutionary spirit left them. The people depended upon the government for aid, the socialists ceased declaiming against its acceptance, and the nation has been hanging ever since upon the military bureaucracy with appreciation of favors granted and a lively sense of favors to come. Under direction they have been led far along the paths of industrialism and commerce. Paths of peace in other countries, these have been turned in Germany into the highroad to war. The greatest industry in Germany is Krupp's, whence missionaries go forth to stir up enmity between the nations that its diabolical wares may find the readier sale. Who can imagine Bismarck allowing such facts to be discussed, as they were discussed, by socialists in the Reichstag? and what socialist not spiritually enervated could, in the light of such facts, lend himself to a world war?

From prince to peasant the spirit of the German people has been poisoned by prosperity, by the possession of much and the promise of more, until it can be led without so much as asking the reason why into a war of ruthless conquest. Is it to be supposed that the Kaiser has been willing to risk all the trade so laboriously built up without hope of a greater gain? to lay his people, already preposterously taxed, under this final impost of war if he did not regard it as a good investment? The preliminary proposal to Great Britain to permit the taking of the French colonies indicates that the blood of the German people was to come into golden harvest there, just as the blood of German missionaries was supposedly harvested at Kiao-Chau.

Contrast now the diplomatic methods of Bismarck in the three wars waged under his chancellorship with the blindness which has led the Germans into their present struggle, remembering

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that Bismarck was not a soldier. Denmark, Austria, and France were successfully engaged in turn, but not until the man of blood and iron had left them without a friend in Europe. There was no diplomatic protest against the taking of Schleswig-Holstein, the humiliation of Austria, the expropriation of Alsace and Lorraine. Nor had there been the thought of declaring war to obtain these results until it was humanly certain that the adversary was virtually defenceless. Look then upon Germany's plight to-day, with the soldier-emperor at the helm and his ears open only to the new nobility! Is it not only too evident that up to the actual demonstration these associated bunglers did not know what Belgium would or could do, did not believe Great Britain willing to fight for her own hand, did not realize that Italy would refuse her aid, and had no conception that Japan was waiting to avenge the Kaiser's gross insult of 1895?

Freemen abominate a spy in times of peace. Germany has the best spy system in the world—how the German in America must swell with pride in the knowledge that all our pleasant places have been searched out for purposes of war and that maps of them lie ready for conquest in the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin! But all their spies failed to learn that revolutionary threats would cease in Russia, civil war turn to men marching shoulder to shoulder in Ireland, red socialists run to the standard in France, or native princes pledge their men and jewels in India. They did not know Russian national feeling, French potentialities for desperate resistance, British devotion in dependencies and colonies, nor so much as dream of Belgian gallantry, which will remain the marvel of mankind. Neither statesman nor spy knows at this moment what the outcome will be in Italy and Roumania, Bulgaria and Turkey. Either the Kaiser and his ministers have shown criminal incompetence, or they have deliberately led the German people to the brink of hell. Bismarck left Germany's almost impotent enemies without a friend in the world; Wilhelm II leads her into war with the three greatest Powers of Europe without a friend on earth. If there are degrees in the national dishonor of treaty breaking, why did he not tell Austria-Hungary that he would not support her in her blow at Servian nationalism? Austria-Hungary would never have fought Russia single-handed,

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and Wilhelm could have pleaded the world's peace for his justification. Surely he who has boasted its preservation for a quarter of a century cannot plausibly urge its overthrow upon another now. Hate is blind, and the spirit of war is hate.

Indeed, Germany with all her sentiment and culture is a land of hatred. If there is any nation in the world which has compelled unfriendliness from others, it is she. In 1898, with no possible provocation from the United States, she would have had Europe intervene in Spain's behalf, had not England forbid, as three years before she had had her intervene against Japan. Every German organ of opinion sneered at our protestations of freeing Cuba, as it sneers now at our promises to the Filipinos. With no freedom of the press worthy the name, its utterances have been and are the convictions of her rulers and have been made the convictions of her people. But how they love us to-day! Involuntarily Germany was tendering us a standard by which she herself was to be judged. We may thank our national ideals that the wrong we did the Filipinos is not wholly irreparable, for we went far to justify her most unfriendly and cynical sneers with our new shibboleths of "manifest destiny" and "benevolent assimilation," which would fit German mouths roundly now: manifest destiny leads to Paris, benevolent assimilation enthrals Antwerp. This very year another opportunity was given them by our Mexican policy. The vilest abuse has been heaped by the inspired German journals upon our administration and ourselves for our attitude there; blood-mad themselves for conquest, they cannot believe us untempted by its possibilities. But all that is stopped now, thanks to the war, and their railway officials present flowers to Americans seeking their homes, and school-children come down to the trains to sing to them. It is the one oasis of friendliness in this desert of woe and we welcome it.

We know what the Monroe Doctrine has done for the three Americas; what has been the German attitude toward that? Every professor of history teaches the youthful German mind that it is mere arrogant pretence on the part of a huge bully to keep off the rest of the world until the time is ripe for him to put Latin America into his own maw. It is hardly too much to assert that the educated German is as firmly convinced of this as

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we are of our honest intentions toward the Latin Republics. Granting constitutional government to Cuba has made no difference; they point to Puerto Rico and state that we are not ready for Cuba yet. When the German government realized that Americans of German birth could not be depended upon to yield adherence to the Kaiser, come what might, there was a stark divergence of the stream of emigration from us to South America, where the distance between Latin and Teuton is too great to permit such ready assimilation. There to-day are living hundreds of thousands of Germans, in Brazil and Argentina. Whatever the intentions of these settlers toward the future, German statesmen drink to "A greater Germany over-seas!"—and instruct their ambassador to assure us of their entire adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. And Belgium has taught us a great deal.

Even now our ambassador in Berlin has been forced to deny officially a series of the silliest lies that ever appealed to a credulous people. Disliking us as they do, it seems impossible for the German editor in Germany to grasp the fact that we have no dislike for Germans at all; we know them too well not to like them. We can hardly wonder at them; since 1870 what Bismarck called the "reptile press" has teemed with the blackest misrepresentations of the American government, of the American at home and abroad, of the American man, the American woman, and the American child. It hates us. If the German editor in the United States wishes to perform an international service worth his while, he might make an end of seeking to embarrass us as a neutral nation and muzzle his colleagues at home.

The press in Germany is winning toward greater freedom, but it is not yet free, and this seems to react upon certain German editors in America. It is difficult to account for their protests against the handling of the war news here by American newspapers. These have printed every scrap of information from every obtainable source in response to the insistent demand for the particulars of the most disastrous of historical tragedies. Chiefly available for that purpose have been official reports from the governments of Great Britain, France, and Russia. From the beginning these, however reserved regarding details, have been temperate and truthful. Reverses to the arms of the Allies are

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being set forth with as much attention as their earlier and scanty successes. The reports of every day have been confirmed, sometimes after many days, by the briefer and more secretive reports from the governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Little has come from Berlin except abuse of its opponents in the field and rash statements that accounts of German or Austrian reverses are all lies, that London, Paris, and Petrograd are such rumor factories as Shanghai was during the Russo-Japanese War, and that nothing is true that is not made in Germany. When the tide turned and the myth of Prussian invincibility glimmered, nothing whatever came from Berlin for weeks. Vienna, with the Russians pounding like the god Thor, was stricken dumb except to charge lying.

But it is the steps taken to influence our national judgment that prove the failure of the thoughts of the German mind to translate themselves into terms which reach the mind of English-speakers. The German press of this country, as if unable to grasp the fact of unhyphenated Americans, invents the term "Anglo-American" for its compatriots who speak the language of the United States, though that term has been hitherto one self-chosen by our Canadian cousins. They have protested, not only in their own columns but in letters to the American press, against publishing news favorable to the Allies, however truthful that news might be. I have read scores of critical letters written by men and women with German names that have been unquestioningly printed in our own newspapers; the only articles they commend have been those partial to Germany, while they have been hostile to the point of insult regarding those from other sources. I am compelled to believe that the idea of fair play in such minds as these is to give the German side the best of it, regardless of the facts, or to say nothing. I have yet to read or hear from any American a criticism of the publication of articles favorable to Germany, though some of these have been wild.

It is not necessary to say that this does not elevate the German idea in our minds. Nor have the excuses made for the rape of Belgium increased it. One philanthropist argued that as the neutrality treaty was made before Belgium acquired the Congo, it could not be expected that Germany would now observe it.

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Another quoted with approval von Moltke's sententious observation that such treaties are worth just as much as there are guns to defend them. A third thought it justifiable because the guns of the Belgian fortresses pointed toward the German frontier—a weary prophecy too soon fulfilled. Others relied upon the devil's doctrine that the end justifies the means—when the end is Germany's military aggrandizement. Several had absolute proof that France was to be allowed to pass through the gallant little kingdom, which was filled with French officers; but not a spark of such proof has been forthcoming: France did not wish an extended front nor one along a comparatively undefended frontier; Germany did. Eminent German professors in American universities have been arguing that Germany has done nothing to provoke war, ignoring the Belgian atrocity altogether; only one of them, Dr. Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, has met that issue plainly, and he says:

"Germany broke the neutrality of Belgium and from her unwillingness to offer a promise to England to respect that neutrality, it is plain that she intended to break it as soon as the war loomed in sight. She has thereby made herself guilty of a very grave breach of law and right, which the Chancellor in his address to the Reichstag on August 4 frankly admitted."

The German ambassador to the United States has had equal trouble in meeting our American minds. On his return to America he filled the papers with garrulous interviews, quite regardless of the proprieties of his position. He excoriated France for using and England for being about to use colored soldiers, forgetting that we had 120,000 negroes in the Union armies, and still have several highly efficient commands of them among our regulars. He met an inquiry into the killing of women and children in Antwerp by Zeppelin bombs with the observation that they had no business to be in such a fortress. Neither he nor any of the meddling German editors in this country appear to be aware that Germany and Austria-Hungary, with Belgium, the Allies, and the United States, were parties signatory to The Hague neutrality treaty of 1907, by which, among others, the following obligations were entered into:

Article 1. Neutral territory is inviolable.

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Article 2. Belligerents are forbidden to send troops or convoys, either of munitions of war or provisions, through the territory of a neutral state.

Article 5. A neutral state shall not allow on its territory any of the acts forbidden in Article 2.

Article 10. The act of a neutral state in resisting any violation of its territory, even by force of arms, cannot be regarded as an act of hostility.

Knowing that the instructions to the German Landwehr run to the effect that they are to do everything to embarrass an invading enemy, whether they are in or out of uniform, to be read in connection with Article 10 above, the German reasons advanced for the destruction of Louvain and its library are not convincing. Unless we are prepared to admit that General Howe would have been justified in burning Lexington and Concord and killing its women and children on April 19, 1775, it is quite evident where our sympathies must go. Yet there is a difference. Our forefathers were the merest rebels; the Belgians are fulfilling their international duties under a treaty to which Germany had been a willing party only seven years before. The circumstances being what they are, is it to be wondered at if we look upon the levying of a forty-million-dollar tribute upon Brussels as a high-handed outrage on what remains of civilized decency in the world?

In the light of all this, what remains to be said of the editor of a German daily paper in Chicago, who with the signatures of several thousands of his nationals appeared in Washington as an American citizen to protest against the reception by President Wilson of the commissioners sent by the Belgian government to acquaint our Chief Magistrate, representing a Power signatory to the 1907 treaty, of the violations of it? Is it the United States we are living in? Perhaps, to us. But assuredly the men protesting against hearing such a delegation have their minds in Berlin. To those who can say, with our President, " My thought is of America," their action appears to make them accessory after the fact to the crime of murderous international piracy.

One understands to the full the devotion to one's native land; there breathes no soul so dead as to lack it. We Americans of

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the old stock know America and know no other; we cannot and must not sympathize with a divided allegiance. We do not for a moment allow the thought that many of the men and women in America who have forsworn their allegiance to the Kaiser, whether of Germany or Austria, wish to impose upon their fellow-citizens the police regulations, the military conscription, or the inordinate taxation which weigh so heavily upon central Europe. We cannot believe that their approval goes out to the plans of a military autocracy that would crush France and England, with a view of administering their colonies; especially in the light of their present administration of such colonies as they possess.

After tasting our American freedom, where their very success and the esteem in which they are held by their fellows prove the falsity of the system of the Vaterland—for where within its borders will they find an equal number with such opportunities to seek their own happiness?—it is not possible that any American of German birth or breeding wishes to restore here that divine right of kings which we laughed and fought out of America a long century ago, or to force us into a citizen army where two of the best years of every boy's life must be spent under the unspeakable indignities that Rosa Luxemburg disclosed, or vote for legislative representatives who are powerless against autocracy, or have his women shoved off the street by any snip of a subaltern, or read as his only source of news newspapers censored and inspired against actuality, or have this continent plunged into the secret intrigues of foreign chancelleries—however Colonel Roosevelt admires their judgments—which our own capital makes impossible for us, or be compelled to support a state religion they may disbelieve in, or live in a single room or a cellar as 600,000 inhabitants of imperial Berlin were living when war began. But if they do not, in the name of Liberty why should any of them criticise Americans who wish to see free governments prevail and martial despotisms driven to align themselves with the thought of the twentieth century?

Does anyone imagine that Americans can look upon German success with equanimity? We have more than a hope that the victory of the Allies will bring with it a measure of disarmament;

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but what of a triumph for Germany? Will it not vindicate every assertion of the Alt Deutsch party which dominates her, justify every tax of men and money laid upon her people, and lead to vaster armies and navies as she proceeds with their policy of national aggrandizement? Can there be any doubt of her seizure of Belgium, her conquest of French and British colonies, her insistence upon crippling indemnities from her foes in the event of her success? To maintain herself in the future would then require more militarism, not less. We are vitally concerned. Imagine a German occupancy of Canada! of Brazil! Will Germany show Canada's intelligence in self government or permit an undefended frontier? Will the Great Lakes be free of warships? Americans have no wish for a continuance of huge standing armies or navies in Europe. We, too, have had to build battleships, every one at the cost of a university, a hospital, or a scientific institute for original research. If we had no moral grounds for our wish, no hope for the extension of freedom, the mere waste of men and money that would profit themselves and us must influence us. We see Germany slaughtering her own laborers and slaying her best customers only to realize how war has brought every nation to destruction in the past and destroyed more than one civilization; we have no desire to see our own imperilled or Germany lost to the world, even through the suicidal policy she has adopted in the past and is seeking to justify in the present. The American ideal—need I state it?—is for a United States of Europe, not for an Emperor of Europe.

The noble Germans who came here after the 'Forty-eight had no illusions about the Hohenzollerns or the military autocracy; it cannot be that their descendants have acquired them. To them in no small degree we owe the perpetuation of the Union, and to them we shall always be grateful. But what of these few of divided allegiance, who would turn the liberty-loving thoughts of America into approval of tyranny and rapine? Must we fear that our institutions have broken down in their task of national assimilation? Are we to think seriously that they are mere worshippers of seeming material success, that the divine right of kings is still capable of appeal to them, that we should lend approval to one who can say "My army, given me

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by God"? Are we to be denied, to gain their approval of us as a people, our right to fellow-feeling with the England that gave us our language and laws and taught us our liberties, with the France that fought for us in the Revolution and is our sister-republic to-day, with the Russia that prevented European intervention in the 'sixties and, freed from Prussian influence at last, is on her way to justice for the Poles and Jews, and, most of all, to courageous Belgium, weeping blood and tears because of German perfidy?

This article is headed with that passionately inspiring motto of one of the greatest of Americans, German by accident of birth, who fought for Greek independence in his youth and was our beloved and honored teacher in wise laws through long years; can any words be more grateful to an American ear at this moment than his: "Dear is my Country; dearer still is Liberty; dearest of all is Truth!"? And another great American, Carl Schurz, left us a toast which deserves its immortal place beside it: "Our country! When right to be kept right; when wrong to be set right!" It is not for any man who writes himself an American, with or without a hyphen, to attempt to set us wrong in such an hour. Our sympathies in this war walk with the conscience of the world.

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THE WAR AND GERMANY

O. J. MERKEL

"IN accordance with the recognized principle of the RIGHT AND SUPREME DUTY TO ENSURE NATIONAL SAFETY"—these words open the explanation, published by the British Foreign Office on August 31, of the seizure of the two Turkish battleships by England. They contain, I believe, the motive which has equally dominated the actions of the Governments of each of the countries now at war. They contain, moreover, as I see it, an ethical standard of international conduct, which must be superseded. The extraordinary accentuation of "Nationalism" during the last twenty-five years, practically all over the world, has brought in its wake that egotistical pride of each country, which has now proved stronger than all other currents of brotherly thoughts—thoughts which seemed to have gained so much force in the councils of the nations.

Historical and economical studies of profound knowledge have been published to set forth the inevitableness of this cataclysm and I, as a layman, would not venture to follow men like Professor John W. Burgess and others into their chosen fields of historical research. But I have found among the published statements of the English Government and among the comments of English and American authorities expressions, permitting of verbatim quotation, which seem to throw a different light on the accusations against Germany and Austria, to which the Allies are, quite naturally, trying to give so much prominence in America.

"Militarism" is the catchword which England and her allies are trying to impress upon this country as a simple solution of their fight with Germany and Austria. This term covers conveniently the so-called hasty declarations of war and the so-called lawlessness of the violation of Belgium's neutrality and many alleged subsequent events, which I shall not now touch upon and which have been reported through the British censorship in such a way as to create a strong anti-German sentiment.

Why fasten "militarism" on Germany, when France, Eng-

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land, and Russia have had standing armies much longer than Germany, when every male citizen of France has to serve three years as compared with one or two years for every man in Germany, when every male citizen of Russia has to serve at least two years, when England has claimed for her fleet the necessity of a two-Power standard, when last year Germany spent $5.50, France $7.50, and England $8 per head of population for their respective armaments, when the German armaments since 1871 have been increased, compared with the increase in population and economic activity, much less than those of the countries of the Triple Entente, when Lincoln himself advocated "universal service"? Why speak of "Kaiserism" as something either autocratic or specifically militaristic, when the Kaiser has practically no powers exceeding those of the President, and when he has merely impressed upon his country his great personality —great chiefly by furthering all pursuits of peace—in no other way than many Presidents of this country, who have been and are great leaders and moulders of public opinion? And why accuse Germany of an aggressive spirit, when her thoughtful citizens have appreciated in their military service almost more the means for a physical, disciplinary and organizatory education of their sons than the means for their country's defence, and when she alone of all great countries has avoided war for over forty years?

In regard to the so-called "hasty declarations of war" against Servia, Russia and France, I may quote from an August editorial of *The Army and Navy Journal,* which certainly cannot be suspected of being pro-German or pro-Austrian.

"Americans, not having been placed in an environment where they could feel the pressure of the rival races, naturally form the opinion that the great military establishment of the German Emperor is responsible for this war, and they cannot understand how a thing that appears so small to them as the Austro-Servian imbroglio, should result in this pan-European conflagration. We, who watch the Monroe Doctrine with nervous care, are scarcely in a position to shout 'Militarism' at the Germans or Austrians, when they risk the arbitrament of war for a principle of racial homogeneity, that may have just as solid a basis in

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the needs of the people as has that doctrine. It is not proper for a country to evoke a criticism for people who may be just as faithfully living up to the necessities of their national existence as did the American people in 1861."

I may add that a careful perusal of the Servian answer to the Austrian ultimatum does not confirm the impression quite prevalent in this country, that Servia accepted this ultimatum with only one or two reservations. Of the ten specific demands by Austria not one was accepted without qualification. As the ultimatum and the answer are readily accessible to everyone in the English, German and Russian "Papers," I will just call attention to one such qualification, which is typical. Austria specifically demanded the elimination in the Servian schools of all text-books containing anti-Austrian sentiments. Servia in her answer says nothing about this specific demand.

As all values are established by comparison, it will also help us to get a sense of proportion regarding the Servian matter, if we recall the many actions and reactions between the United States and Mexico during the last twelve months; for instance, the repeated statement from Washington that Mexican elections should be conducted in a manner satisfactory to Washington, the demand, after the murder of Benton, to have it investigated by a joint American-English committee within Mexican territory, the quick seizure of Vera Cruz in answer to the qualified acceptance of this country's ultimatum. These facts present very concrete similes to what was at issue between Austria and Servia.

Senator Elihu Root has given the best explanation of the declaration of war against Russia and against France. In an address made by him this spring, as President of the American Society of International Law (July number of *The American Journal of International Law*) he said:

"It is well understood that the exercise of the right of self-protection may and frequently does extend in its effect beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the state exercising it. The strongest example probably would be the mobilization of an army by another Power immediately across the frontier. Every act done by the other Power may be within its own territory.

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Yet the *country threatened by the state of facts is justified in protecting itself by immediate war.*"

The London *Economist,* a well-known international weekly, on September 12 comments on the Russian Orange Papers as follows:

"The reason given for the Russian mobilization is somewhat surprising. According to the Orange Book, the general mobilization orders were signed in Austria on July 28, whereas, according to Baron de Bunsen, our Ambassador in Vienna (White Paper No. 127), general mobilization in Austria was ordered on August 1. Since the necessity for the Russian mobilization was based on the Austrian mobilization and since the general Russian mobilization was the direct cause of the German mobilization . . . which made war inevitable, it would seem to be important that this point should be cleared up. A further telegram, in the Orange Book, from Berlin, describing the issue of German mobilization orders some time before it actually took place, suggests that the Russian envoys were occasionally mistaken in their information."

This, it seems to me, places the responsibility squarely on Russia.

Concerning the so-called "Lawlessness of the violation of Belgian neutrality," it should be remembered that the English Foreign Office published, as mentioned above, an explanation of England's seizure of the two Turkish battleships. I am requoting the opening sentence "In accordance with the recognized principle of the right and SUPREME DUTY TO ENSURE NATIONAL SAFETY in time of war . . ."

Germany might rest her case here, for certainly her Government was doing its "supreme duty" when marching through Belgium, after having made every effort to avoid it, as may be seen from the British White Paper and especially from the following quotation:

"Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen. London Foreign Office, August 1, 1914.

"Sir: I told the German Ambassador to-day that the reply of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of very great regret, because the neutrality

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of Belgium affected feeling in this country. . . . He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that: our hands were still free and we were considering what our attitude should be. . . . The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. *He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral . . . and I could only say that we must keep our hands free.*"

On the same day the German Chancellor promised (see cable in the White Papers) not to declare war on France (and of course, Belgium would have remained untouched), if England agreed to her own and France's neutrality. England declared her inability to give such an undertaking.

I quote further from the British White Paper as follows:

"Germany had consequently to disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a *question of life or death* to prevent French advance."

As Great Britain has caused it to be generally understood that she has gone to war chiefly for the sake of the neutrality of Belgium, I want to add one other quotation from the British White Paper, which should be read in connection with the first one:

"Sir Edward Grey to Sir F. Bertie. (Telegraphic.)

"London Foreign Office, August 2, 1914.

"After the Cabinet this morning I gave M. Cambon the following memorandum:

"'I am authorized to give an assurance that, if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. This assurance must not be taken as binding his Majesty's Government to take any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place.'

"*M. Cambon asked me about the violation of Luxembourg.* I told him the *doctrine on that point.* . . . He asked me what

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we should say about the *violation of the neutrality of Belgium.* I said we were considering . . . *whether we should declare violation of Belgian neutrality to be casus belli.*"

This quotation shows that England, on August 2, was still balancing the "Opportunity," after having just refused, on August 1, to safeguard, as suggested by Germany, either Belgium or France or even to state terms on which she would remain neutral. It goes far to bear out the German contention that Great Britain went into this war, merely following the doctrine already advocated by England over two hundred years ago, as printed in an English pamphlet of 1694:

"It is of special interest to England to maintain the European balance for the purpose of holding the scale in her own hands and of being able to turn it to whatever side she desires. That is our only possible means of not only keeping intact the empire of the seas, but of also enabling us to decide about the success of the war and about the conditions of peace."

But it was on August 3, 1914, when England's latest theory on treaties was discussed by Sir Edward Grey. In the House of Commons he quoted approvingly from a speech by Mr. Gladstone, delivered in 1870. Mr. Gladstone could not subscribe to the assertion that "the simple fact of the existence of a guarantee was binding on every party, irrespective altogether of the particular position in which it may find itself at the time when the occasion for acting on the guarantee arises." Mr. Gladstone characterized that assertion as a "stringent and impracticable" view of the guarantee. The whole Belgian treaty Mr. Gladstone called a "complicated question."

A word about France and Belgium. Germany's treaty-breaking march through Belgium was a case of "Supreme duty to ensure national safety in time of war." There are specific German assertions of the presence of large bodies of French troops in Belgium previous to the declaration of war. This will have to be proved. But consider France's spiritual violation of that same treaty for many years past.

Americans will appreciate the French breach of the spirit of the treaty by recalling the difficulties which this country had in arriving at a satisfactory interpretation of the Panama Canal

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treaty. The President and the Congress reversed themselves within a year on such an interpretation, changing from a literal to a spiritual one. Now the treaty on Belgian neutrality meant to safeguard the contracting parties against any one of them securing an advantage in Belgium at the expense of the other one. Yet did not France, for many years, in violation of the spirit of the treaty, secure an advantage by allowing French officers to cooperate with Belgium in the organization of its defence? The excuse that international usage justifies such military coöperation is poorly chosen, as there are no specific treaties specially guaranteeing the neutrality of such countries as, for instance, Bulgaria, Turkey and others.

As Belgium is supposed to be the pivot of English policy, I wish to quote the concluding words of an article by H. A. Judge, in *America* of September 5, *How Did the War Begin,* which is a careful analysis of the diplomatic documents:

" It is quite evident from the above that Germany, who was working for mediation through English diplomacy, hoped for a peaceful solution of the difficulty, and was hoping that, even if a clash with Russia ensued, England not only would not intervene, but might secure the neutrality of France. Russia, who similarly was acting through Great Britain, was equally confident that England would intervene and that Germany, dreading a rupture with her, would abstain from war. Both were mistaken. Who is responsible? "

It is not for me to answer that question. My belief is that everybody in this tragedy has acted throughout on the principle of " the supreme duty to ensure national safety." Let us hope that this principle will soon be superseded by one demanding that the actions of nations shall be governed by " their supreme duty to ensure international (the world's) safety."

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WHAT OF CIVILIZATION?

The World War—Germany's Part—The Aftermath

WARREN BARTON BLAKE

THE Great War has provoked an infinite amount of loose thinking and loose talking. Here, you will say, comes some more of it. Yes—but not all of this windy speculation is to be charged up as a dead loss. Out of a muddle of words dealing with large ideas partially understood, a modest profit may emerge. Take the talk about the War, Christianity, and Civilization, for example. Discussing the relations of all three institutions, one may perhaps come nearer to realizing what one or two of the three really amount to. One hears men say, "This war proves the futility of Christianity, for all the nations in it claim to be Christian nations." But why does this war prove anything more about Christianity than have nineteen centuries of crimes against Christ, perpetrated by so-called Christians? There is nothing final about this monstrous conflict. The era of Napoleon looms immense in the life of nations, but it marked a beginning quite as truly as it marked an end. Nothing human is final. May there not be a modicum of truth, even for the twentieth century, in that saying of Heraclitus of Ephesus, πόλεμος πατὴρ πάντων —"War is the Father of all"?

That this war proves civilization to have gone bankrupt is another loosely thought-out generalization. It has not even the excuse of novelty, for in 1870 a disillusionized French novelist was exclaiming: "Hobbes is right: *homo homini lupus.*" What do you mean by civilization anyway? I look in my dictionary, and read there: "A condition of organization, enlightenment, and progress in general." But we have just observed that this criminally conceived war does not mark the end of all progress—that it may mean new starting points. Much of the progress it prepares will be mere repair-work, for this war business, this "Father of All," is a cruel father, like Saturn of old, who ate his own children. But, in the circumstances, new children were begotten—were they not? This is the Wheel of Life. And not

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all the progress to be made is mere repetition, reconstruction. Change is involved, as well as restoration; evolution, and not mere generation. A new Germany; a new Russia (with windows to let in the light); a new Poland; a new movement toward building up European government on the lines of least resistance (i. e. racial combinations) and toward buttressing popular government within those entities. Who does not look for these as some of the fruits of the great war?

"God said, I am tired of kings . . ."

Men will count for more now, money for less. France, depleted in her already reduced manhood by this cruel war, would do well to invite home again some of the descendants of those seventeenth century adventurers she gave to Canada. Is the idea fantastic? I find it as reasonable in its way as the fact that Sikh cavalry should have been fighting courageously under the British flag upon French soil, while France herself called within her old boundaries those African troops whom she has developed from the Algerian tribesmen of her colonies. Let us hope at any rate that the end of the war will be marked by reaction against the militarism which is at the bottom of the war itself. London-made calculations as to the cost of forty-three days of war to Great Britain alone show the total to be $166,500,000, or almost four millions a day. An American banker, Mr. Lewis B. Franklin, estimates that the release for investment of $2,000,000,000 devoted annually to military expenditure in Europe would give to the world's development a scarcely imaginable impetus. "Such a sum, added to the present amount available annually for investment, would mean an abundance of capital for industrial development, both here and abroad; lower interest rates, and probably lower cost of living. Add to this the transfer of some 4,500,000 men, who make up the standing armies of Europe on a peace footing, from a life of economic waste to productive pursuits, and it is not hard to believe that Europe would require a very few years to recover and enter upon a long period of prosperity." This prosperity would not be for Europe alone. And probably Mr. Franklin's statement of Europe's military expenses is an underestimate. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of Brit-

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ain's Exchequer, has figured that "civilized" countries annually have spent $2,500,000,000 in times of peace on armaments and military preparations. That was in 1909. Last year the total sum was nearer to three billions—but here Japan, the United States, and South America are included. Most of us believe, prejudice aside, that this tax has been imposed upon the world by Berlin—by imperial misadministration and the false ideals which have dominated states since 1871. "All countries will now imitate the Prussians, and the whole world will turn into soldiers. Russia has at present 4,000,000 soldiers. Soon the whole of Europe will be in uniform, and if we ever take revenge, it will be more than ferocious. Wholesale murder will henceforth be our only aim." So wrote a French pessimist forty-three years since—not without reason. For no country is truly independent, and civilization is not much stronger than the weakest link in its chain. The Prussian Samson ruins not himself alone.

To repeat the question, however: What do we mean by civilization when we so loosely say that the cataclysm of war marks civilization's overthrow? Is the "organization, enlightenment, and progress in general" an affair that affects the entire world, or only a chosen part of it? Is civilization mundane, national, or only personal? These are some of the questions worth considering.

Like any other word, civilization has its ideal meaning, and its everyday meaning. The root of it, *civis*, the state (or city), shows something of its original restriction, but proves equally its social quality. In ideal, civilization is unrestricted. The word, and the idea back of the word, have grown as men have grown. The world is civilized only when it is civilized as a whole; when every part of it shows "organization, enlightenment, and progress." There has never been a state of things like this. Obviously, the world has never been really civilized. Now, what has never existed can hardly be destroyed. Surely it is absurd to speak of civilization's "bankruptcy."

What we have actually had is a semblance of restricted and localized order; an imperfect organization of society limited to boundaries and individuals. "Man as he is seen in the world to-day is an unfinished product," writes Dr. Lyman Abbott.

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"He is in the making. The best that can be said of a Christian is that he is further along toward the goal of humanity than the barbarian." France is normally a civilized nation—rather the most highly so of all nations in history; yet even in twentieth century France there have been crimes enough against civilization. And we have somewhat carelessly inferred the existence of a "European" civilization! We have been careless in this, for we should have reflected that civilization implies life under a civil compact. Civilization without a certain mutual forbearance and toleration, a kind of enlargement of that consideration for others which is involved in apartment-house-life (where that smaller nation, the family, has made daily concessions so naturally that it has scarcely been conscious of making them), is quite unthinkable. International progress without some such forbearance and toleration is as inconceivable as progress in a crowded city street would be, if there were no police; no rule of the road; no giving way, now by this hurrying individual, now by that. When we get into a thronged street, we progress, not by fighting anyone who is moving in a contrary direction, but by intelligently avoiding collision. Internationally, we have never learned how to avoid these occasional collisions. War, which means total disregard of the wishes and welfare of others, at the expense (on both sides) of property and life and of that "progress in general" which is one of civilization's essentials, is the violent contrary of that forbearance and toleration which men have learned to use privately in their domestic and social relations. Is the Government more backward, then, than the normal individual under that Government? Certainly the influences which control European Governments to-day, especially those Governments which have fondly clung to the outmoded political systems, find it easy to persuade their victims that almost any war at all is a war of self-defence. Many Germans and Austrians are as sure that they are only standing off the aggressor as are the French and British and Belgian fathers of families who oppose them. As an American socialist has said, explaining the fact that socialists are playing a part in the drama of blood staged by Kaisers and Czars: "A man may honestly believe that murder is wrong, yet if he awake at night to discover an armed burglar in his

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sleeping-room the peace-loving man may kill the burglar." Under the rule of the Czars and Kaisers, their backstair diplomatists and their irresponsible ministers, each man thinks the other man the burglar. Each is the dupe of his own glittering parasite, who profits by the fact that he personifies the State for which most men feel love and duty. Never as during the present war has the injustice of man-made government been so apparent; for if it is men who fight the battles, even the soldiers in the field know that women pay as high, and a probably higher price, in suffering and degradation. War is, in its essence, an attack of the armed brute on helplessness and weakness, just as Nietzsche proclaimed. The outrages and atrocities of 1914, more of them than America suspects—more of them than history can ever tell of—have had women as their obscure tragedians. Read the story of Aerschodt, if you have the stomach. Read also this little dispatch from London—far from the battle-front:

"At the end of the first week of war sixty babies were taken for their weekly visit to the balance-scales of a West London clinic. *The scales showed that in each case the baby had lost weight.*"

"War is a biological necessity," writes von Bernhardi, in all the trappings of the caste of Cain. And here is the testimony of an American newspaper correspondent, newly returned from Belgium:

"I saw children born on cinder-heaps, and I saw them die; and the mothers die gasping like she-dogs in a smother of flies." "War is a biological necessity," writes the calm Prussian. And women have no part in choosing war or peace. Indeed, what part have men had, save the men in helmets?

One sometimes hears discussions as to whether patriotism is virtue or vice. Dr. Johnson in the eighteenth century was modern enough to define it as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Certainly patriotism has in the past proved civilization's dynamite—after having been served as its cornerstone. One of the highest and one of the lowest of human instincts—and Tolstoy branded it a curse. It has animated, in the Germany of 1914, the professional blood-letter, well-intentioned fathers, bearded benevolent thinkers like Eucken and Haeckel. Possibly the ambitious

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Hohenzollern, the bomb-throwers at Serajevo and at Antwerp —even the unspeakable Krupps—think themselves patriots. When nationality was only just emerging out of brigandage and feudalism, patriotism seemed finer than any ideal with which it came into conflict—for in no very striking way did it, speaking broadly, conflict with the robust and un-Christlike Christianity of its day. In 1914, one is suspicious of patriotism that is directly bound up with economic, private, and dynastic interest. That genial purveyor of platitudinous morality, Dr. Frank Crane, distinguishes patriotism and "idiotism." We see to-day the artificial, accidental nature of many of its manifestations—the futility of the nationalist spirit unintelligently vented. Yet in resisting crushing invasion by a civilized state serving militarist masters, countries like Belgium and France manifest a patriotism that even the genius of world-civilization must applaud. And that is only in part because France and her allies seem to that nascent force its own natural champions. The truth is, the action of France and Belgium appeals also to ancient prejudices and emotions which the sight of blood and the sound of the bugle still awaken in us. Even now we viciously conceive of the different nations as persons—and play favorites. We have not yet arrived at seeing the nations as masses of individuals, with nothing to gain by the slaughter of opposing masses. Why does the German working-man consent to leave his wife and children to their own devices, don a helmet and carry a rifle, and reel off mile after mile that he may cross an imaginary line and butcher his French and Belgian cousins—honest working-men who, like himself, have left their wives and children to their own devices! Even this disinterested and often sincere patriotism threatens true progress, we conclude, and all the more by reason of its purity. A blind sentiment that conserves much of the fervor of religion itself is as dangerous as the cruder religious forces of the middle ages—when men killed one another for the glory of God. Patriotism and socialism are noble ideals, each of them, on different sides; but they are basically irreconcilable, and in growing out of the one ideal into the other there are—well, let us call them growing pains. But socialism can only come when we are nearer to being truly civilized—and then mayhap we may

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rise even higher than socialism would permit. To-day one must regard socialism as a more or less admirable mirage, reflected from a desert wet with the blood of fellow "socialists." Socialism is a remote ideal indeed so long as there is no overpowering sense of solidarity, so long as a narrow and selfish patriotism is effective, so long as the great masses of the population (including all the women) have no voice as to war or peace, so long as the populations retain their loyalty for more or less accidental régimes and boundaries. There has been no *débâcle* of socialism in the World War, even though German socialists have fought beneath the Eagles, and French socialists have rallied as one man to the menaced Tricolor—forgetting the *Internationale* and singing the *Marseillaise*. All that is only a salutary bringing of socialists to their senses—to a calm recognition of facts as they are. Socialism the ideal is unimpaired: but we idealists and intellectuals need to be reminded now and again that naming something and having it are two different propositions. The logic of socialism is more convincing than ever, and during the continuance of the war, the different nations are pushed farther and farther toward the State socialism whither all are tending. Socialism the inspiration of humane legislation is unaffected by the catastrophe—in spite of the proverb, *inter arma leges silent.* Only socialism the make-believe is crushed. The true ideal is but purified. And why shouldn't the same hold true of Christianity —the part of it derived, in common with the better part of socialism, from Jesus Christ?

Shall we, when the war is over, see a striving toward the true civilization founded upon a compact, a solidarity, a conviction that we are all citizens, not of our own province only, or our nation, but of the world? That is not likely to be an immediate result, but we may live to see it. As residents of Chicago, Philadelphia, or Los Angeles, we are set off from one another. As citizens of California or Illinois we are detached and separate. But we already feel that we are all one, in a larger and truer sense—feel that we are all, as Americans, in one boat. When will citizens of California feel that they are in the same boat with citizens of Breslau and Petrograd? The economic interdependence of the nations, strikingly illustrated

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in war times, helps toward the creation of some such sentiment. Not, however, till the conviction of it is in our very bones and marrow, not till we rule our actions accordingly, shall we really be acting as if we were in that one boat. One of us cannot bring about this new state of things; one civilized nation cannot bring it about—no, no more than one man may "make friends." Our civilization to-day, even in America, is none too thorough-going. I do not refer to such social sores as sweatshop abuses and the lynching of negroes; only look at our legislatures. When our representatives in Congress set out to secure appropriations for local purposes that will not benefit the country as a whole, but may profit the smaller American community *at the expense* of the greater American community—is that civilization? When tariff legislation is devised for the purpose of shutting out laborers and capitalists elsewhere, and somehow profiting the locality at the expense of laborers and capitalists at large—is that either economy or civilization? When we confront these economic facts, the civilized world seems to us only a dream of dreamers.

Yet something of social solidarity, even in the intra-national sense, this war has already proved. Germany was out for aggrandisement. Read the diplomacy as you will—and, in the "menace" of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism has discovered a prodigious *tu quoque*—the idea back of it all is summarized in the German phrase about winning "a place in the sun." The other nations, from which this place was to be won, perforce, objected. They preferred to have things go on as they were. Were they, thus far, civilized? They were at least behaving very much like human beings. On page 475 of Miss Sarah Austin's translation of the *History of the Popes of Rome,* a work by the erudite von Ranke, one reads: "When any principle of power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises." This "vigorous resistance," welling from the "deepest springs of human nature," has been noted in the conversation and writings of neutral Americans, even, and explains in great measure why this country of ours, composed of many foreign elements, almost unanimously desires the triumph of the allied arms.

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And yet the Teuton may find arguments for his view that he, and not France and England, is the torch-bearer—that he, and not the republicans of these two great liberal lands, stands for the "progress in general," that is, in part, the meaning of our word, civilization. For the Germans have, rightly or wrongly, felt themselves superior in "organization" and even in "enlightenment." Their military minded philosophers have taught them that "war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a truly civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality." These Germans have been conscious of great vital energies, and have been embarrassed to find a proper outlet for them. "Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations increase in numbers," they explain. "They require a continual expansion, new territory, . . . obtained at the cost of its possessors." Acting on this pseudo-Darwinian principle, that Germans have carried suspiciously far in such works as General von Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War,* Clauss Wagner's *Der Krieg als schaffendes Weltprinzip,* and the writings of Professor H. von Treitschke, the Kaiser and his advisers seized—so far as the evidence shows—what they took to be an opportunity of opportunities. That they were mistaken in their notion that Russia would be racked by internal revolution, that France might not dare and England would not be able to strike back, does not affect the larger theory of their action. They regarded the *status quo* as unduly favorable to countries decadent in one way or another—not morally, in the Anglo-American sense, more decadent than Germany herself, but nationally, in vigor of procreation and fighting-force and numbers. I have seen the brutal and shameless cynicism of German statecraft denounced by writers for the press, but they have failed to point out that, though really holding these brutally cynical concepts of social and international morality, Germany has failed consistently to live up to them in word as well as in act. It is fashionable, especially upon the European continent, to denounce British hypocrisy, but what shall we say of the German brand of it? For the Kaiser himself and his apologists have published carefully-edited theses and correspondence with a view to demonstrating that Germany did not

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seek war, but wanted peace, and was forced into war by "perfidious Albion" standing by her allies. Why, one may ask, does the Kaiser wish to create this impression that he wanted peace? One suspects that he would have been franker had the war turned to his advantage. From the moment, however, that he saw the possibility of disaster, he set to work recreating this ancient fiction of his peaceful intentions. Nietzsche would, one feels sure, blush for his lack of frankness. What has become of the bluff downrightness of the far-famed "blond beast"?—since Nietzsche and the orthodox übermenschen sneer at Christian piety—and quite appropriately, in view of the anti-Christian principles which are the breath of their nostrils.

No, those who have determined Germany's national action are not idealists in respect to world-politics. They reserve all their idealism for home-consumption. Their idealism is as tribal and as utilitarian as is the Hohenzollern God of Battles. And as unacceptable. The Prussians have made progress since they spared Strassburg Cathedral in 1870. "During the War of 1870-1871 not a single one of the great edifices in French cities was destroyed," writes Captain von Falkenhausen of the German General Staff after the tragic bombardment of Rheims in 1914. Early in September, when the Belgian Commission was on its way to Washington with its tale of Prussian horrors, the Kaiser cabled to President Wilson his denial of wrongdoing. There had only been Belgian atrocities, he alleged. For his own part, he had wept at the necessary destruction of Louvain. And the Imperial Ambassador added: "If they (the historic edifices and library of Louvain) should have been destroyed, the responsibility rests solely with the population of Louvain." The proverb, *qui s'excuse s'accuse,* has there a special force, and the lame apology has a shockingly womanish, humanitarian squeak, when one comes to it from the reading of *France in Arms,* a book by Marshal Baron Bronsard von Schellendorff, Prussian Minister of War. Says the Baron: "If civilized nations no longer scalp the conquered, no longer put prisoners to death, destroy cities and villages, burn farms, lay everything waste on their path, it is not for the sake of humanity, oh, no; it is because it is preferable to ransom the conquered, in order to subject productive terri-

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tories." The author of this sentence is, I am told, one who has long enjoyed the favor and confidence of Wilhelm II. Remember that this business of acquiring "subject productive territories" is no new enterprise. Prussia has won substantial "compensations" and accessions thrice before, within Europe itself; in 1864, in 1866, and in 1870.

Germany conceives of only one unit-force in civilization—the national unit. This is an anti-social concept, we think to-day—though it seemed reasonable enough a few centuries ago; and it is being smashed (for the time being) by that international force represented by the temporary union of France and England and Russia. Russia's inclusion is an accident of international politics rather than an expression of any sympathy or homogeneity. Moreover it gives the Prussians a chance to pose as would-be saviors of European culture from the "Slav-Peril"—while they hastily invade the Belgian territory they have sworn should be inviolate, and unlimber their guns against the French—Europe's most highly cultured nation. This particular pretence is the less persuasive in view of Germany's unsuccessful effort to involve the Turk in her war against more or less Christian Europe, and to fan the flames of Mohammedan fanaticism against France and England alike in their African possessions, and to foment rebellion in British India. But it is a fair question whether the people of the Czar share Germany's narrow nationalist conception of society. If it does share it, can Germany's defeat profit the world-society, or shall we indeed only escape the Terrible Teuton to shudder before the menace of the Raging Russ? One has a right to optimism. Even though Russia be bent upon absorbing Slav or near-Slav kingdoms and principalities, and does absorb them (integrally or as protectorates), Russia's extent is immense, her need for self-development immeasurable. There is an enormous field for internal improvement, the perfection of her own organization, the application of her own untouched resources—all this coincident with the education of the masses of her increasingly eager citizenship, and the gradual popularization of her autocracy. These great enterprises must engage her energies before she will ever feel that pressure that really impels a nation to exterior effort as a seeming necessity. And, long before Russia

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is pressed by the need of further exterior expansion, the sense of more-than-national solidarity, the world-civilization, may well be far stronger than it is to-day; the restricted racial and national sentiments infinitely weaker. Mr. H. G. Wells has written in the London *Nation,* under the word "Opportunity," these ringing sentences:

"Whatever betide, defeat or deadlock, the capitalist military civilization uproots itself and ends. . . . The war itself is the mere smash of the thing. The reality is the uprooting, the uncurable dislocation. . . . The character of the new age that must come out of the catastrophes of this epoch will be no mechanical consequence of inanimate forces. Will and ideas will take a larger part in this swirl ahead than they have ever taken in any previous collapse. . . . This is a time of incalculable plasticity. For the men who know what they want the moment has come. It is the supreme opportunity, the test or condemnation of constructive, liberal thought in the world.

"Now is the opportunity to do fundamental things that will otherwise not be done for hundreds of years. If Liberals throughout the world—and in this matter the liberalism of America is a stupendous possibility—will insist upon a world conference at the end of this conflict, if they refuse all partial settlements and merely European solutions, they may redraw every frontier they choose. They may reduce a thousand chafing conflicts of race and language and government to a minimum and set up a Peace League that will control the globe. . . . It is possible now to make an end to Kruppism. It may never be possible again. Henceforth, let us say, weapons must be made by the state and only by the state; there must be no more private profit in blood."

Utopianism? Ah, but if this war is truly the bankruptcy of civilization that you declare, why not strive to found a new civilization—a real civilization—on the bloody ruins?

International peace depends, at the last analysis, upon a sense of unity with one's neighbors living across frontiers—the sentiment the Bible takes for granted when it provides us all with a common Father; the sentiment the socialists assume when they

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lecture about the Brotherhood of Man. If we took our Christianity seriously, we should have international peace—even without lugging in the Commandments with their specific injunction against killing. To quote one of the most notable of liberal theologians:

"In so far as autocracy is the rule of the few for the benefit of the few it is paganism. In so far as democracy is the rule of the many for the benefit of the many it is Christianity."

The road to be travelled may be a long road. But may it not, if we pursue it, have an end?

There is no end like that we have been contemplating if we pursue the German road. What Germany thinks of the present alliance against her is summed up in these sentences, written by an officer of the Kaiser's general staff after the backdown of Germany in her quarrel with France over Morocco in 1911:

"It will, of course, happen that several weak nations unite and form a superior combination in order to defeat a nation which in itself is stronger. This attempt will succeed for a time, but in the end the more intensive vitality will prevail."

So it was in Germany's Thirty Years' War, when the Peace of Westphalia found Germany with a population reduced to one-fourth of what it was at the war's commencement; when famine "drove men and women to cannibalism, bands of them being caught cooking human bodies in a caldron for food"; when slaughter "drove men to make laws authorizing every man to have two wives, and punishing men and women who became monks and nuns"; when lawlessness "bred roving bands of murderers who killed, robbed, and even ate their victims." But to return to the Kaiser's general's view: "Without war, inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy, budding elements, and a universal decadence would follow." This is, of course, a transparent fallacy in a century like ours, when the flow of members of the European nations across the different boundaries, and into newer lands overseas, is practically unchecked. It is all a part of the mediæval form of nationalism represented to-day most strikingly by Germany. *Deutschland über Alles*. . . . But if there is no such thing as an international morality, no evolution toward such a morality, then we must

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agree with the Germans that war is a necessary feature of our international life, and the war spirit must be cultivated at immense cost of life and efficiency—industrial, agricultural, artistic —by nations that would live. Briefly, it is the Prussian notion that "between states the only check on injustice is force," in other words, civilization must, to be effective, cultivate force—or, to put it still more simply, the more civilized a country really is, the less civilized neighbor it will be. The paradox is unthinkable, except by those who devised it. The triumph of that paradox would indeed involve the "bankruptcy of civilization." The same principles which govern the smaller social groups must ultimately be applied to the greater. A few centuries ago a German might as reasonably have argued that "between cities the only check on injustice is force." The truth is the social and political machinery of Germany is newer than in other so-called civilized countries, and the machinery has been in the wrong hands. Germany has not yet evolved an effective system of constitutional government. With the abolition of autocratic and oligarchic forms, Germany will be cured of many of her anti-social nightmares.

Logically, armies and navies are a proof of civilization's non-existence, in any more than a severely limited sense. Military establishments intended for use, in certain circumstances, against another nation, must be regarded as (1) a police force, or (2) a predatory organization. If the organization be predatory, as Germany's has been, in theory no less than in practice, the lack of civilization is transparent enough. If the organization be truly a police power, designed to protect the nation employing it against invasion or outrage, it proves that that nation regards some other Government as fundamentally uncivilized. The restriction of armament and some sort of arrangement among the nations for the union of all the other armaments against any nation or nations undertaking predatory or anti-social wars, is what the future holds out for us. This may even prove to be the "Slav-Peril" dreaded by the Prussians. It will, I believe, prove the path to peace. That is why a premature peace is greatly to be deplored. Even the wiser of the professional pacifists concede this point. The only question is, whether we are ready for

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restriction as yet—whether, if some such system is evolved in Europe at the close of the Great War, it can prove a lasting arrangement. At least it may last long enough to justify itself through a reduction in the permanent military establishments, a lightening of the terrible burden of expense and productive inertia laid upon Europe by the compulsory service laws that obtain to-day. And the victory of Germany's enemies may indeed enforce its lesson that a treaty is more, after all, than "a scrap of paper"—the lesson that civilization is founded upon scraps of paper even more than upon guns of Krupp. The declaration of Belgium's neutrality, eighty years ago, was a short step toward something like a more-than-national civilization. Germany sneered at this principle of neutrality to which she had repeatedly assented, and regarded England's defence of the principle as a far-fetched quixoticism or a characteristic insincerity. But so long as international pledges are regarded as scraps of paper, so long as the peace of Europe and the world is at the mercy of cynicism, civilization (even civilization of a national or regional character) is impotent indeed.

Civilization is a loose word at best. And the farther one looks into the future the less sure one is of the present. Let us assume for the moment that universal peace is attained. Something like civilization on a world-scale instead of a national scale ensues. Men no longer kill one another in armies; there is a war of commerce, of production, of industrial and agricultural competition. The desert places are made to bloom and teem with their populations. Can the world support these vastly enlarged peoples, unchecked by pestilence and wars? It can do so, one may safely conclude, only through a reduction in living standards. And what a long start the East had got on the West! Will the West accept its fate peacefully? To-day, that is hard to imagine.

Quite aside from the conflict that Flaubert foresaw when he wrote so pessimistically, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War and the establishment of Germany's military empire, "The Orient will be arrayed against Europe, the old world against the new"; quite aside from this terrible war of the rice-fed against the beef-eaters that so many writers conceive of to-day as

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ultimately inevitable between yellow men and white men (a struggle basically economic),—what will come after all that? Will the wars of the remote future be wars of classes instead of wars of nations and wars of races? Or are we to become Christianized through socialism, and socialized through Christianity? We speak of the "Great War"—and great it is by standards of the past. But the future holds out terrific possibilities that may reduce the battlefields of France and Belgium to the significance of skirmishes between armies of ants on their little sandpiles. The social wars—the wars of continents and race-civilizations—merely to think of them is not to shudder only, but to reel with sickness of the spirit. Perhaps it is not good for us to indulge in the contemplation of such distant visions, that are not our affair. But how one sighs for the peace and quiet of the Middle Ages and their gentler cut-throats!

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PHI BETA KAPPA POEM

Harvard, 1914

BLISS CARMAN

SIR, friends, and scholars, we are here to serve
A high occasion. Our New England wears
All her unrivalled beauty as of old;
And June, with scent of bayberry and rose
And song of orioles—as she only comes
By Massachusetts Bay—is here once more,
Companioning our fête of fellowship.

The open trails, South, West, and North, lead back
From populous cities or from lonely plains,
Ranch, pulpit, office, factory, desk, or mill,
To this fair tribunal of ambitious youth,
The shadowy town beside the placid Charles,
Where Harvard waits us through the passing years,
Conserving and administering still
Her savor for the gladdening of the race.

Yearly, of all the sons she has sent forth,
And men her admiration would adopt,
She summons whom she will back to her side
As if to ask, " How fares my cause of truth
In the great world beyond these studious walls? "
Here, from their store of life experience,
They must make answer as grace is given them,
And their plain creed, in verity, declare.
Among the many, there is sometimes called
One who, like Arnold's scholar gypsy poor,
Is but a seeker on the dusky way,
" Still waiting for the spark from heaven to fall."

He must bethink him first of other days,
And that old scholar of the seraphic smile,

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As we recall him in this very place
With all the sweetest culture of his age,
His gentle courtesy and friendliness,
A chivalry of soul now strangely rare,
And that ironic wit which made him, too,
The unflinching critic and most dreaded foe
Of all things mean, unlovely, and untrue.
What Mr. Norton said, with that slow smile,
Has put the fear of God in many a heart,
Even while his hand encouraged eager youth.
From such enheartening who would not dare to speak—
Seeing no truth can be too small to serve,
And no word worthless that is born of love?
Within the noisy workshop of the world,
Where still the strife is upward out of gloom,
Men doubt the value of high teaching—cry,
"What use is learning? Man must have his will!
The élan of life alone is paramount!
Away with old traditions! We are free!"
So Folly mocks at truth in Freedom's name.
Pale Anarchy leads on, with furious shriek,
Her envious horde of reckless malcontents
And mad destroyers of the Commonwealth,
While Privilege with indifference grows corrupt,
Till the Republic stands in jeopardy
From following false idols and ideals,
Though sane men cry for honesty once more,
Order and duty and self-sacrifice.

Our world and all it holds of good for us
Our fathers and unselfish mothers made,
With noble passion and enduring toil,
Strenuous, frugal, reverent, and elate,
Caring above all else to guard and save
The ampler life of the intelligence
And the fine honor of a scrupulous code—
Ideals of manhood touched with the divine.

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For this they founded these great schools we serve,
Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Dartmouth, Yale,
Amherst and Williams, trusting to our hands
The heritage of all they held most high,
Possessions of the spirit and the mind,
Investments in the provinces of joy.

Vast provinces are these! And fortunate they
Who at their will may go adventuring there,
Exploring all the boundaries of Truth,
Learning the roads that run through Beauty's realm,
Sighting the pinnacles where good meets God,
Encompassed by the eternal unknown sea!

Even for a little to o'erlook those lands,
The kingdoms of Religion, Science, Art,
Is to be made forever happier
With blameless memories that shall bring content
And inspiration for all after days.
And fortunate they whom destiny allows
To rest within those provinces and serve
The dominion of ideals all their lives.
For whoso will, putting dull greed aside,
And holding fond allegiance to the best,
May dwell there and find fortitude and joy.

In the free fellowship of kindred minds,
One band of scholar gypsies I have known,
Whose purpose all unworldly was to find
An answer to the riddle of the Earth—
A key that should unlock the book of life
And secrets of its sorceries reveal.
This, they discovered, had long since been found
And laid aside forgotten and unused.
Our dark young poet who from Dartmouth came
Was told the secret by his gypsy bride,
Who had it from a master over seas,
And he it was first hinted to the band

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The magic of that universal lore,
Before the great Mysteriarch summoned him.
It was the doctrine of the threefold life,
The beginning of the end of all their doubt.

In that Victorian age it has become
So much the fashion now to half despise,
Within the shadow of Cathedral walls
They had been schooled and heard the mellow chimes
For Lenten litanies and daily prayers,
With a mild, eloquent, beloved voice
Exhorting to all virtue and that peace
Surpassing understanding—casting there
That "last enchantment of the Middle Age,"
The spell of Oxford and her ritual.

So duteous youth was trained, until there grew
Restive outreaching in men's thought to find
Some certitude beyond the dusk of faith.
They cried on mysticism to be gone,
Mazed in the shadowy princedom of the soul.

Then as old creeds fell round them into dust,
They reached through science to belief in law,
Made reason paramount in man, and guessed
At reigning mind within the universe.
Piecing the fragments of a fair design
With reverent patience and courageous skill,
They saw the world from chaos step by step,
Under far-seeing guidance and restraint,
Emerge to order and to symmetry,
As logical and sure as music's own.

With Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, and the rest,
Our band saw roads of knowledge open wide
Through the uncharted province of the truth,
As on they fared through that unfolding world.
Yet there they found no rest-house for the heart,

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No wells sufficient for the spirit's thirst,
No shade nor glory for the senses starved. . . .
Turning—they fled by moonlit trails to seek
The magic principality of Art,
Where loveliness, not learning, rules supreme.
They stood intoxicated with delight before
The poised unanxious splendor of the Greek;
They mused upon the Gothic minsters grey,
Where mystic spirit took on mighty form,
Until their prayers to lovely churches turned—
(Like a remembrance of the Middle Age
They rose where Ralph or Bertram dreamed in stone);
Entranced they trod a painters' paradise,
Where color wasted by the Scituate shore
Between the changing marshes and the sea;
They heard the golden voice of poesie
Lulling the senses with its last caress
In Tennysonian accents pure and fine;
And all their laurels were for Beauty's brow,
Though toiling Reason went ungarlanded.

Then poisonous weeds of artifice sprang up,
Defiling Nature at her sacred source;
And there the questing World-soul could not stay,
Onward must journey with the changing time,
To come to this uncouth rebellious age,
Where not an ancient creed nor courtesy
Is underided, and each demagogue
Cries some new nostrum for the cure of ills.
To-day the unreasoning iconoclast
Would scoff at science and abolish art,
To let untutored impulse rule the world.
Let learning perish, and the race returns
To that first anarchy from which we came,
When spirit moved upon the deep and laid
The primal chaos under cosmic law.

And even now, in all our wilful might,
The satiated being cannot bide,

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But to that austere country turns again,
The little province of the saints of God,
Where lofty peaks rise upward to the stars
From the grey twilight of Gethsemane,
And spirit dares to climb with wounded feet
Where justice, peace, and loving-kindness are.

What says the lore of human power we hold
Through all these striving and tumultuous days?
"Why not accept each several bloom of good,
Without discarding good already gained,
As one might weed a garden overgrown—
Save the new shoots, yet not destroy the old?
Only the fool would root up his whole patch
Of fragrant flowers, to plant the newer seed."

Ah, softly, brothers! Have we not the key,
Whose first fine luminous use Plotinus gave,
Teaching that ecstasy must lead the man?
Three things, we see, men in this life require,
(As they are needed in the universe:)
First of all spirit, energy, or love,
The soul and mainspring of created things;
Next wisdom, knowledge, culture, discipline,
To guide impetuous spirit to its goal;
And lastly strength, the sound apt instrument,
Adjusted and controlled to lawful needs.

The next world-teacher must be one whose word
Shall reaffirm the primacy of soul,
Hold scholarship in her high guiding place,
And recognize the body's equal right
To culture such as it has never known,
In power and beauty serving soul and mind.

Inheritors of this divine ideal,
With courage to be fine as well as strong,
Shall know what common manhood may become,
Regain the gladness of his sons of morn,
The radiance of immortality.

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Out of heroic wanderings of the past,
And all the wayward gropings of our time,
Unswerved by doubt, unconquered by despair,
The messengers of such a hope must go;
As one who hears far off before the dawn,
On some lone trail among the darkling hills,
The hermit thrushes in the paling dusk,
And at the omen lifts his eyes to see
Above him, with its silent shafts of light,
The sunrise kindling all the peaks with fire.

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THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY

MOWRY SABEN

THE April number of THE FORUM contained an article, entitled *The Art of Everlasting Life,* by Professor Thomas Percival Beyer, in which some of the fundamental questions of immortality are discussed interestingly, and from a point of view which, if not absolutely original, is at least individual. Perhaps the writer erred in apologizing for discussing this subject, on the ground that " sensible downright people have a feeling that it is bad form to discuss immortality except in the perfunctory pulpit." One never needs to apologize, if he feels that he has something to say that is worth saying, and surely the great question of a future life is one upon which more light is needed.

I do not flatter myself that I am capable of solving this problem. " If a man die, shall he live again? " is a question that I am no more able to answer than was Job. If I believe in immortality (as I do), it is not because I have ever been able to demonstrate its truth, but because I have found belief in immortality essential, if one is to discover a meaning in Man, or even in the universe itself.

Professor Beyer believes in a kind of qualified immortality. In his view some are immortal and others mortal. Whether one be immortal or not depends, in his opinion, upon whether one succeeds, or does not succeed, in this life in acquiring a soul, and he finds no evidence of soul below Man, and none in human babes. " Briefly resuming," he says, in the course of his argument, " the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul; the human embryo and the babe at birth probably have not developed a soul; and finally there is very slender reason to suppose that all children of four years have attained it." And he believes, too, that " Consistency requires another step—the possibility that a man may travel through life without finding a soul, and with no prospect of any sort of life beyond." Soul, then, is something that he must acquire in this life, if he would be a citizen of the Eternities.

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And who are they that acquire a soul, and thus achieve immortality? According to Professor Beyer, only the good are so fortunate. He says that "the soul begins when a man actively, though perhaps unconsciously, chooses righteousness as against iniquity, decides to cleave to the good and despise the evil; the soul grows only if he stubbornly maintains that course to the end." "Man is a soul-hunter," he says. "For this end was he born, not to shear sheep on the hills, or lambs on the stock-exchange, but to win an immortal soul." He avers that he "cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity," so he does not believe that the bad man will have a chance.

Let me confess, at the very threshold of this discussion, that I do not find any inspiration in Professor Beyer's hypothesis, for I do not want any immortality, if immortality is only to be secured by a kind of competitive examination in ethics. To me "good" and "bad" are only relative terms, and quite destitute, so far as their merely human expressions are concerned, of any absolute, or eternal, validity. Considered from an absolute point of view, there are doubtless no "good" men or "bad" men. Kant laid down, as an ethical law, what he called the "categorical imperative"; but surely neither Kant nor any other person ever lived up to it, and it is highly probable that no person ever will. It is even a question whether a person who always obeyed Kant's categorical imperative would not be a kind of human monstrosity, for there is such a thing as being

> "too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,"

and our age wisely applauds that immortal line of Terence, which caused the Roman theatres of two thousand years ago to shake with applause:

> "I am a man; I count nothing human foreign to me."

We must learn to beware how we speak of "good" people and "bad" people, of sheep and goats, of the elect and the non-elect, for, as a man grows older, he perceives that the moral gulf

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which separates one individual from another individual is much narrower than he supposed it was in the days of his youth. Villains are found only in melodrama and in ancient history. Professor Beyer speaks, in a footnote, of Nero, Lucretia Borgia and Napoleon as historic criminals, and he seems to think that he scores a point for his theory by proclaiming as a fact that no reputable medium, in his or her intercourse with the dead, ever serves as a mouthpiece for these depraved creatures. I am inclined to think that Professor Beyer is mistaken upon this point, for surely, if we are to admit, for the sake of the argument, that the spirits of the dead do return to us and communicate through mediums, it must be acknowledged that a goodly proportion of these spirits do not bring the atmosphere of the sanctuary with them; but I will let that pass. We should not forget, however, that all the stories that have come down to us about Nero are stories that were told by his enemies. It might be interesting to know what his friends had to say in his defence, especially the one who went out in the darkness of the night, and scattered garlands of flowers upon the Emperor's tomb, when Nero was no longer able to reward or chastise. Napoleon may seem like a criminal to our Professor, but he possessed saintly qualities for the late Rev. John S. C. Abbott, and what shall we allow for the love and veneration of his loyal soldiers who were only too willing to serve and die for him?

When we call a human being "good," we are only performing an act of piety, and when we call a human being "bad," we are merely expressing a sense of personal distaste. Human judgments, at their best, are never absolute. They serve for purposes of convenience, and, if not taken too seriously, as they are apt to be, may be allowed to pass for what they are worth. But the philosopher must find the meaning of the "bad" man, as well as the meaning of the "good" man. You cannot have an Absolute unless you find some place for Falstaff in that Absolute. Good and bad take on new meanings in the light of metaphysics. Say all that you will against the personal character of Mephistopheles, but if Mephistopheles, through the very evil of his nature, as we conceive it, is constantly helping to educe the good, as Goethe shows that he is, then he must be regarded,

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either as a part of metaphysical goodness, or as belonging to a realm beyond good and evil. Frederick the Great was a very human and faulty man; he may be regarded by some as one of the "criminals" of history, but the enthusiasm which Carlyle felt for him was not misplaced. Germany and, indirectly, the world have benefited through the exertions of his iron will. Indeed, as I read history, the greatest good has not been wrought, in largest measure, by means of the saints, but by means of men who, upon Professor Beyer's hypothesis, do not appear to have the ghost of a chance of attaining immortality. Great minds and great wills always help to educe the good, even though the essence of them lies, as probably it does, in a mystical realm beyond good and evil; and it would be a strange anomaly if the progress of the world had come largely, if not mainly, from persons who had never discovered the art of finding a soul.

My main quarrel with Professor Beyer is based upon a firm conviction that he has, in a philosophical sense, no clear conception of Reality. He thinks that "the only unanswerable objection" to his view of immortality "is that of sentiment," quite overlooking the fact that his own point of view is clearly sentimental. As I have quoted above, he says that he "cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity." If that be not an expression of sentiment, I do not know what it is.

Does not a clear conception of philosophical reality, however, compel us to place the soul, not where Professor Beyer places it, at the end, as "a developed function of mind," or "the perfected fruit of mind," but at the very beginning of all existence, of all development, as the ground and source of all existence and development? Before the geologic ages began or the star-dust formed, the soul must have been, to give to the universe of matter even quasi-reality. It is true that William James told us that souls had outlived their welcome, and it is also true that souls have been unpopular in certain circles for a long period of time; but a new school of psychologists is arising which is beginning to perceive that the soul must be regarded as a reality, if we are to be able to conceive of reality, in a philosophical sense, at all. Upon Professor Beyer's hypothesis, Man,

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before he succeeds in developing a soul, is a machine, and, logically, he must regard the soulless man very much as Professor Haeckel, Professor Loeb and many other materialists regard all men. He has, logically, no right to believe in immortality for any person, unless he can demonstrate that a certain kind of machine has the power to create a soul, as another kind of machine has the power to scoop-up dirt, or to weave cloth.

We are not so cocksure, as our forefathers were, what the destiny of the soul will be. We are far more modest than they. But if we are to believe in immortality, logically, we must accept, as they accepted, the reality of the soul as something that begins at least with the first appearance of life. In my opinion, we must, in order to believe, logically, in human immortality, believe not only in the reality of the soul at birth, but also in the soul's preëxistence, or even eternality in the past. By this I do not mean that we must accept the Oriental or theosophic dogma of reincarnation. That may, or may not, be true. But time is only a bubble of Eternity, and the soul, to be real, must be of the Eternities. If in Time it were born, then in Time it will perish. If a man's soul were born in 1850, or in 1880, let us say, then it will probably die with the death of the body. Life, as we experience it, is only a phenomenon, and the question that we have to settle is the nature of the Reality of which our life as experienced is a phenomenon. There are various answers. Professor Haeckel tells us that life is a phenomenon of the atomic energies—that the atoms are the Reality. Herbert Spencer tells us that life is a phenomenon of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, of which we know and can know nothing—that this unknown and unknowable Infinite and Eternal Energy is the Reality. Theodore Parker tells us that life is a phenomenon of God—that God is the Reality. But in each of these theories I find a logical defect.

For, if Man is a phenomenon of the atomic energies, as Professor Haeckel opines, of the energies of atoms which, singly and collectively, are without thought, feeling or will, acting merely by an inner law of necessity,—dead atoms without a gleam of intelligence or purpose or sensation anywhere,—how could Professor Haeckel possibly discover the nature of this

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reality? In other words, how could Intelligence ascertain that its father was Ignorance, Feeling that its father was the Sensationless, and Life that its parent was Death? Again, if Man is a phenomenon of an Infinite and Eternal Energy of which we know and can know nothing, how was it possible for the phenomenon to learn even that much of the Noumenon? How did it succeed, indeed, in ascertaining that its parent was both infinite and eternal without being able to make other discoveries concerning it? And if Man be a phenomenon of God, without reality in himself, as Theodore Parker teaches (at least in some passages of his writings), again, I ask, how could the phenomenon have discovered its source? Materialist, Agnostic and Theist alike have never shown us, and I submit that they will never be able, logically, to show us, how a created thing can possibly know its Creator.

All knowledge is, in the last analysis, self-knowledge. We know ourselves in our relations to other selves and to phenomena. Our sole reality, as persons, lies in our mutual relationships. We know nothing that we do not experience, or infer from experience. The atoms that Professor Haeckel posits, the Infinite and Eternal Energy that Herbert Spencer posits, and the God that Theodore Parker posits, may all be real, but their reality for us, if they be real, must lie in the fact that they are, somehow, incarnated within our minds. Knowledge and knowability presuppose this, for nothing outside us can be known, unless it is also inside us. We know things, because things, when analyzed, are found to be a congeries of mental attributes, having no meaning (at least for us) apart from those attributes which belong to the human mind. What Man is, it is more difficult to say, for Man is an aggregation of individuals, each of whom is, in some measure, unique. But the reality of any individual lies in something that does not appear on the surface. Every individual, as sensuously apprehended, is a phenomenon of a deeper self, and this deeper self we may call the WHOLE SELF, or SOUL.

And so, instead of saying, as Professor Beyer does, that Man is a soul-hunter, that he is in quest of a soul, as if he were only a hermit-crab of the spirit, seeking for self-protection a soul, instead of a shell, like his lesser brother, I should say that Man

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is a Soul, and, being a Pluralist, that every individual is a soul seeking to realize itself. And I would go still further, and assert, in place of Professor Beyer's contention, that "the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul," and the like, that every animate thing is a soul, trying to realize itself, and that, if all animate things were not souls, they could not function at all. A living creature must be either a soul or a mechanism, and, from this dilemma, Professor Beyer, when he takes time to retrace his mental steps, will discover that there is no avenue of escape. If, at the time of his birth, a man has no soul, then he is only a machine, and, if he is only a machine, his chances for obtaining a soul are nil. No fountain can rise higher than its source. If Man is born in corruption, he will end in corruption. But if his ancestral home were among the stars, he may reach the stars again.

Professor Beyer does not like the notion of universal immortality. "All mind immortal?" he asks, and adds: "Then dogs and horses, frogs and earthworms, star-fish and polypi will live forever. Perhaps even the poplar leaf that forever quivers with the joy of life will fill its little mind with happiness through eternity, for who can say where mind ceases in the downward scale? Such a scheme presents nothing troublesome to Spinoza or Shelley or George Eliot or Professor James. . . . Nothing has begun, so nothing will end,—the soul no otherwise than the Achæan sand or the blue of the firmament. I submit that this conception is not immortality, means nothing to the million, and would be of small comfort if it were intelligible."

Well, the conception may mean nothing to the million, it may be of small comfort to them, and yet it may be true. So far as I am concerned, Professor Beyer's theory of immortality is far less agreeable than the one which he repudiates, for I am convinced that, upon his theory, not one person in a hundred million will prove to have acquitted himself well enough to acquire a soul, and thus become immortal. I have even strong doubts whether there be one upon this planet who will. Human nature is human nature, and morally we are, as I have remarked, pretty much alike. When we scrutinize closely the laws of the statute-book, we find that more than seventy-five per cent. of

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them were enacted, not in the interests of humanity as a whole, but of a class, and when we consider our moral codes much the same thing is also found to be true. Our moral codes were invented, not to prepare men for Heaven, or for Utopia; they were invented by men who were none too good themselves to protect themselves from people who were not much worse. There are great differences in human beings as to the amount of knowledge and wisdom which they possess, but there is small difference in regard to the amount of goodness or rascality that they manifest. I take it that Professor Beyer and I are in substantial agreement upon this point, for he admits that "It is no uncommon thing to find those who are headed straight for the pearly gates . . . sanction and practise customs, in themselves admittedly reprehensible, on the grounds that 'they all do it.'" And the worst of it is that the pearly-gated adventurers are quite right: they all do.

So I think that if we wish to believe in immortality rationally, we must look for our guidance and inspiration, not to mythical moral paragons, but to the constitution of the human mind, which postulated the soul millenniums ago, because the soul was found to be a necessary postulate of the reason. If immortality be a fact, it is, as the late Colonel Ingersoll used to say, a fact of Nature, due neither to priest nor book nor creed. If it be a fact, it is a universal fact; it is not a gift given to one class of people and denied to another class of people; it is not something added, or superadded, to things, but something inherent in things. If it should be found to follow, logically, that animals, and even plants, are as immortal as Man, why should anyone murmur? Are not the cattle on a thousand hills, which are sacrificed that man may eat, deserving of some recompense? Did not Thoreau leave the biography of Dr. Chalmers unread, that he might go out to hear the croaking of the first frog of spring? Perhaps Thoreau thought the frog quite as deserving of immortality as the Scottish divine. And perhaps he was. Bishop Butler frankly included the animals in his scheme of immortality. Perhaps dogs and horses, frogs and earthworms, star-fish and polypi and poplar leaves are not immortal as such, but the realities of these things, the souls that manifested through them, are doubtless

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immortal, if anything be. Being without beginning, they must necessarily be without ending. There must be another life for a dog, as well as for a man, if there be another life for the latter.

It is true that no absolute proof can be given that immortality is a fact. Fichte said that what a man believes depends upon what a man is. In one way or another, each of us is biased. The materialist and the idealist both see with the eyes of their respective minds, and some blindness there is likely to be in both. Neither finds, within the manifestations of his brain, absolute truth. Agnosticism may well be considered the last word of wisdom, when it is genuine agnosticism, and not the kind that distinguished a certain type of nineteenth century philosopher, of whom Mr. Chesterton has wittily said that his real creed was not that he did not know, but that he knew better. Human history, however, if it teaches one thing clearly, teaches us this: that the larger view is more likely to be found correct than the lesser view, that the inclusive attitude is more likely to prove sound than the exclusive. The iconoclast is always shattering the conventional and popular views of God and Humanity, but, out of the ruins that he leaves in his wake, higher and nobler conceptions invariably arise, and as it has been in the past, so doubtless will it always be in the future. Most of our beliefs carry with them a lean and hungry look, and of none of them is this more true than of the popular notion of immortality. Speaking for myself, I do not know a conception of immortal existence of which I have ever heard that gives me any solid sense of satisfaction. All the heavens and hells of which I have read seem petty in comparison with the old earth upon which I now dwell. But the concept of immortality, when I allow my own imagination to play upon it, is another matter, and full of blissful assurance. Perhaps truth is so individual that no person can ever reveal to another the glories that each intrepid explorer may discover for himself. And as no two persons have quite the same experience here, so, it may be, no two persons will have quite the same experience hereafter, and it is quite in reason to conceive that the world which faith assures us lies on the other side of the grave may be a world in process of evolution, as our world is, and that those who voyage thither upon the shadowy sea of

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Death may carry with them the seeds of many revolutionary possibilities.

But I would not dogmatize too strenuously upon this great theme. It may be that Haeckel and the materialists are right in their contention that death ends individuality and consciousness. It may be true, as Omar says, that

> "One thing is certain, and the rest is lies;
> The flower that once has bloomed forever dies."

It may be true, I say. I quite sympathize with Lord Melbourne when he said that he wished he was as certain of anything as Macaulay was of everything. But how did Omar know that the flower which has ceased to bloom has passed into a condition of eternal death? How does Haeckel know that death is the end of consciousness and individuality? Why does Professor Beyer (not quite so dogmatic as they) feel so certain that the man who does not come up to a certain arbitrary ethical standard shall perish everlastingly? Perhaps it may not be far wrong to surmise that sentiment, conscious or unconscious, lies at the bottom of all these affirmations of negation.

In a brief and fragmentary way, mindful ever of the limitations of space, I have pleaded in this paper for a more generous conception of destiny than Professor Beyer is willing to allow. I have based my plea upon a conception of Reality far diffierent from the one that he holds. It may not be a true conception, this of mine, but it appears to me to be the only logical one that a person can hold, if he believes at all in the possibility of immortality. If it be said that, contrary to the viewpoint of Professor Beyer, I have identified soul with mind, I shall gladly acknowledge the impeachment, if impeachment it be held to be. What distinction between the two can validly be drawn? I make bold to say that Professor Beyer has drawn none that can be accepted as valid. Our knowledge of good, like our knowledge of everything else, is mental. Only a mind can choose good or evil, and the choice made will depend upon the insight, or lack of insight, of the individual mind that chooses. Professor Beyer evidently believes that both mind and soul are creations. I hold, to the contrary, that no soul-mind can be created; that the soul-mind

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is itself the creator which brings all phenomenal things—even the phenomenal universe itself—into being. I do not know whether the poplar leaf is real, in a philosophical sense, or not, because I do not know whether it possesses a mind or not, but the reality that is manifesting in the poplar leaf—the soul of it, let us say—must be as real as the reality of myself, or any other self.

Immortality is the golden dream of poets and sages. It may be baseless, but it is a dream that gives dignity to life, that makes the heart to sing for joy, that illumines the path of all human experience. The humblest person takes on a new meaning when he conceives of himself as immortal; he is now bathed in an ocean of ineffable glories. Belief in immortality brings the music of the spheres to our door; it opens up all the vistas of infinitude. If the lower orders of existence are immortal no less than humanity, it does but prove that Reality is generous. If my dog is immortal, as well as myself, I shall be glad, for he has kept me faithful company, and if, in mystic realms that lie beyond these voices that babble here their wisdom or their lack of wisdom, it should transpire that the fragrance of the lilies shall evermore be sweet, and that the tall pines shall evermore be tall, I shall find, in the realization of the immortal hope, a fairer vision than any that has ever been vouchsafed me in ancient creeds and musty tomes. I have no desire to play forever on a golden harp, or forever to sing the psalms of deliverance and rejoicing, but if " Nature's social union," which Burns divined and sang, broken so often here by the hand of rude necessity, is one of the inspirations of the Choir Invisible, as it well may be, then the music of the Celestial Choir will indeed be the gladness of the world forevermore.

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SEPPEL

A Story of Northern Tyrol

O. BAILLIE-GROHMAN

JUST beyond the little village of Alpbach in the Tyrolese mountains, at the point where the village street merges into a narrow winding mountain path, stands a great elm tree. Around its base is built a low bench where the old people sit in the afternoon, and watch the children playing on the stretch of green that is shaded by the giant branches overhead. And to the gnarled trunk about six feet from the ground is nailed a smooth broken blade of wood. A closer examination shows it to be a much battered and worn ski point, which has snapped jaggedly from its shaft. Under the fragment, in rude lettering, stand the words: "Niessler Seppel, the 29th day of April, 1903."

Seppel's grandfather told me the story in his quite untranslatable dialect of the valley, and of all the village cronies I think he tells it best. It was in the year 1900, says he, that Seppel first left his native valley to serve his years in the army, and to see the outside world; and when he came back three years later, transformed in personal appearance and effects, he brought with him not a few new ideas that he had absorbed among the garrison towns of Tyrol.

It was one of these new ideas that led him, the first winter after his return, to fashion for himself a rough pair of ski, with primitive bindings of leather straps. His home-made ski were more roughly made, he knew, than those that he had seen the townspeople using on their little sloping fields, yet he reckoned that with his superior strength and practising facilities he would soon master the art. Then for him it would be a time-saving device, whilst for those others it was merely a sport. His reckoning proved to be right; in the first week he learnt enough to be useful to him under good snow conditions, and the rest came by degrees. His was the life of a peasant's son, and during the winter, when work was short at the farm, he turned wood cut-

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ter, for wood-felling is the chief industry of the little village, the only industry almost that brings in cash instead of kind. The winter following Seppel's return was a particularly severe one, and the peasants made the most of it. April came and with it spring, and on every side once more green fields appeared instead of white. Suddenly at the end of the month there was a much belated fall of snow. The April sun melted the snow from the low slopes fast, but the uplands remained covered for many days to come.

On the 28th of April Seppel set off up valley to dislodge with pickaxe and pole any wood that might have remained lodged in the twists and turns of the narrow gorge through which the stream flows above the village. Others were responsible for the reaches near home. He was to penetrate far back into the mountains, almost to the point where the stream was fed by the "Federbett" glacier, and his nearest way lay over an intervening shoulder of mountain; so he took his ski out of their summer storage in the hayloft, and strapped them to his feet again. He slept in a distant alp hut that night, and early next morning crossed the pass; it was there on the other side, up the lonely heights, that he made his momentous discovery, for in a little gully that remained impassable and unvisited all the winter, and where the snow still lay thick upon the rocks, he came upon a newly formed reservoir.

Seppel stood for the moment spellbound. The Müller Grube where he had thought to work was no more. Instead there glittered in the sunshine a miniature lake, its surface smooth, and blue and peaceful, save where the Alpbach streamed in at the far end. There was scarcely any outlet, and the blueness told of depth.

A few drifting logs had evidently become wedged in the narrow mouth of the gully far back in the winter months. Now tons and tons of driftwood and boulders and rubbish had collected there, and held the ever deepening waters imprisoned.

"For how long?" was the question that surged uppermost in Seppel's mind; and even as he wondered the barricade groaned ominously beneath the strain. Seppel stooped, and pulled fever-

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ishly to tauten his ski straps. He glanced at the shoulder of mountain he had just come down, then again at the waters.

"In five hours I can reach the village," he said to himself; "will it last till then,—O God, will it last?"

The next moment he had calmed himself; he took up his pickaxe and sent it with a blow into a stunted fir tree. Then he faced about on his ski, and started up the slope he had just descended. A couple of hours later he had gained the height, and stopped a moment to grease his ski—seconds well spent, for the snow in the hot sun was sticky.

It was half an hour after midday that the Gährner peasant in his outlying farm which nestles below the wind-blown ridge stopped in his work of chopping wood to notice on the height above him a little black speck that presently evolved into a ski-er. He was descending rapidly. The peasant watched for a time, likening the performance in his own mind to the approaching swoops of a bird of prey, so smoothly and gracefully did the figure, belittled by the distance to a moving speck on a great expanse, glide and curve over the snowfields. Just behind the house the ground rose steeply, and before the ski-er had gained recognizable proportions he was hidden from sight.

The Gährner peasant turned to his work again, to be startled a few moments later by the whirr and swish of ski immediately above him, as Niessler Seppel flashed past, attempted to turn, then crashed into the house. He lay for a breathing space, then got up and shook himself.

"That's one way of knocking," said the peasant grimly, and he went on chopping wood.

Seppel grinned. He was white to the lips, with a red mark above his left temple where his head had bumped against the building. His ski had by some miracle escaped whole. He bent to tighten his straps once more; they had a way of stretching with the strain and the damp.

The peasant glanced up. "*Zeitlassen,*" said he. (Allow plenty of time.)

"Maybe, but the stream is dammed—I go to warn the village," replied Seppel laconically.

"What sayest thou?" demanded the peasant.

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"The stream is dammed," repeated Seppel; "the Müller Grube is deep with water, a mighty lake held but by a feeble barricade of rubbish,—by the sun I must have been three hours from there."

"In three hours I think no man yet came from the Müller Grube—and thou hast yet two to the village," said the Gährner.

"By the road maybe."

"How else wouldst thou go? The snow lies but as far down as the Lartner peasant."

"From there I shall try the wood slide, it is iced far below the snow line,—and then trust to my heels and run."

"Ski down the wood slide? The devil!" exclaimed the peasant.

Seppel shrugged his shoulders. "It must be," he said simply. He glided off, and was soon out of sight, for just below the Gährner peasant's he took to the woods.

"The saints be with him," muttered the peasant, standing axe in hand at his door.

"Aye, and speed him on his way, for the timber yard is stacked," said the peasant's wife, who had come out at the sound of voices.

The peasant started back. "The wood! May the Lord have mercy on us!" said he. For the timber yard is situate above the village, and this season it was certainly stacked high with logs. The yard itself consists chiefly of a broad shallow canal, lying slightly below the level of the stream, and connected with it by the big sluice gates which, owing to the deficiency of water, had not as yet this year been opened. That there might be a stoppage higher up—a stoppage that would certainly have disastrous effects—had not occurred to the peasantry, no, not even to the Herr Lehrer himself, the schoolmaster, who was generally supposed to be the origin of any enlightening idea that penetrated the Alpbach valley.

If Seppel is in time, thought the Gährner peasant, would they down in the village have the presence of mind to open the sluice gates, to let the wood go on the first slight overflow there might be? Or would the stream descend, sweeping all before it, to find the timber yard a plaything, a box of matches to be scat-

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tered and used as battering rams against a village of log houses? But then, at least, the inhabitants would have been warned, and no life would be lost——

Suddenly the peasant turned and went indoors.

In the large low living room of the house, against a panelled wall hung three rifles. Two were of modern military type, the other, of ancient date, had seen a life of hard service. The peasant took down new and old, bunching them together in one strong hand. Then he went to the linen closet, and from the lowest shelf behind the piles of coarse clean linen there he pulled a bag—the whole store of his ammunition. It was heavy. Thus laden he went out and called his son, Peterl.

Peterl listened breathlessly to the news. Then said his father, "Peterl, if Seppel does not reach the village in time they will be unwarned. I am going to fire shots from the top of the hill there, it will startle them,—will bring them out of their houses maybe,—and they may read danger in our message."

Peterl jumped up and held out a hand for a rifle. His father nodded and passed one over to him.

"And the third?" questioned the boy.

"Maria will have to manage that as thy brothers are away at market: fetch Maria and come."

A few minutes later three figures scrambled quickly up a steep path at the back of the house. They passed the top of the narrow sloping fields, and gained the eminence, a flat slab of rock from which they could see the village nestling in a hollow far away beneath them. The green church spire glittered in the sunlight, and here and there a roof glinted through the trees that hid the rest from view.

"Peterl, it is well thou hast learnt the handling of a piece," said the peasant, "for thou must manage for thyself. And thou canst load for me at first," he added to the little Maria as he showed her how it was done; "later thou shalt shoot for thyself."

The village was lying in the stillness of a warm spring afternoon when the first shot rang out through the valley. People going about their ordinary business of everyday life paid no attention.

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A second and third followed. Mine host's buxom wife walked down the passage from her kitchen with a pewter jug she was polishing in one hand, and the cloth in the other.

"Johann, that shooting sounds very near!" she remarked to her husband, as he sat before the door tinkering away at the great cow bell that would soon be in use on the alps again.

"Yes, and it's out of season," he muttered irritably.

"I wonder who it is?" said she, as another shot rang out.

"How should I know, so long as it is no son of mine?" he grumbled.

At regular and short intervals ten shots were fired. Then came a pause, and suddenly five shots in such quick succession that each time the echo was swallowed by the next report. Mine host jumped to his feet; the bell he had been working at clanged to the ground.

"Two rifles certainly—no time to load at that rate!" he exclaimed. "What can it be?"

Out of nearly every house had come people asking the same question. Then came a bang that literally made the villagers jump.

"Three or more rifles going off together, I should say," said the Herr Lehrer, standing in the marketplace, where many other worthies had collected. The hundred or so of scholars who were supposed to be drudging through the last half hour of reading, writing, and arithmetic, were sitting idly on their narrow wooden benches in the schoolroom. But the Herr Lehrer had gone out to see what might be happening, the place outside seemed astir,—and the chance was too good to be missed. There was a sudden rush for the door, and they joined their elders in the marketplace.

"Now, then, you imps, quiet there!" shouted the Herr Lehrer, but he did not send them back.

Crack—crack—crack, went the rifles.

"Just as quick as they can load," said the Fichten peasant.

"Such a waste of powder!" remarked the potter, miser of the village.

"Just some lads showing off their skill," said the master baker, returning to his work.

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" I don't believe it," said the Herr Lehrer.

The black-cassocked figure of the village priest appeared on the steps of the church that led down into the marketplace, and stood with one hand resting on the balustrade, the other raised for silence. The murmur of voices in the square below was hushed.

" My people, that firing may be to tell us something! "

" What can it be? " some cried.

" It is uncanny," whispered a woman, shivering.

" It can but be the will of God," answered the priest, " yet be prepared, my children, for we know what will come."

" Look! " piped a child's clear voice from the outskirts of the crowd. " The stream is getting full."

" The stream! look at the water! " shouted half-a-dozen.

" We shall be able to float the wood soon," said mine host complacently.

" Float the wood—I should rather say float the bridge! " replied a scornful voice. " See how the water is rising."

And indeed the first slight overflow from the Müller Grube had within a few minutes brought the stream above high-water mark.

" Open the sluice gates, lads! " shouted the Herr Lehrer.

" Why so? " said the carpenter's Tony. Tyrolese peasantry, young and old, are slow to be moved, yet the schoolmaster has great authority among them.

" We must open the sluice gates, we must let the wood go! " repeated the Herr Lehrer loudly. And others took up the cry— " To the sluice gates with you! " Then the young manhood of the village took the short cut through the churchyard and disappeared. Five minutes later the throng in the marketplace were watching the logs tossing and chasing each other down the turbid waters. Mine host turned back without a word into his house.

" Look how the water comes! " said the children.

The people watched it, scared. A maiden went to the middle of the bridge that spanned the flood, to watch from there the tumult. They called her back immediately, but they had not realized the danger nor did they until roused to it by a spectacle

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which in itself was commonplace enough. It was merely mine host driving his cattle up the village street.

"What doest thou?" he was asked breathlessly.

"I go to put these on the slope yonder." He nodded in the direction of his field above the village where the year's first crop of hay was ripening for the scythe.

"But the crop!" they exclaimed aghast.

"It will be spoilt—one crop: but safety is safety," he answered laconically. Then he looked about him at the crowd of anxious faces, and added: "If any other wishes to put his cattle or his children there too, he is welcome." The offer was a magnanimous one, for it meant that his need be the only crop to be trodden underfoot and spoilt.

The throng melted like magic. For a time the marketplace was deserted save for the black-cassocked figure that stood silent in the portals of the church. One by one the people passed again; here and there a cow was driven forth; an old man bore a collection of household gods; a mother and her babies followed. And still the warning shots were ringing through the valley.

"Firing for fifteen minutes now," said the Herr Pfarrer to himself, watch in hand, on the church steps. A lesser report came next, two rifles evidently, then a single shot and silence.

"Ammunition exhausted," muttered the priest.

It was exactly the same remark as the Gährner peasant high up on the mountain side had made as he laid his old-fashioned rifle down, and rubbed his shoulder tenderly. "Phew—how it kicks!" he added, then strained himself forward as though to see as much of the green church spire as possible. "I wish we knew more," he said quietly; "but we have done our best."

Seppel in the meanwhile had come to the wood slide, and stood at the top looking down it. In appearance it was steep and narrow; just a frozen water shoot down which the logs are sent valleywards, leaving two deep ruts close together. On either side grew pine trees interlocking their branches, and overshadowing the narrow lane between, and so steep was the gradient of the hill that the tip of each tree reared high above that of its lower neighbor. Seppel planted his ski firmly, one in each rut, and set his teeth. He could not see very far ahead,

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for the wood slide turned sharply again and again; but deep below he could see a steep white field where the wood slide became visible once again and then disappeared with a sharp bend into the forest. They called that the Devil's Corner. Seppel knew it well from the days when he had sailed past it gloriously on the top of five great logs all bound together, and had held on for dear life as they wrenched and groaned past the mighty bank of stones and snow; and he wondered vaguely how he would pass it now. Then he leant forward and was off. The wind hummed in his ears. The trees streamed past him. He leant further forward, almost as if he was trying to grasp the tips of his ski. The first corner came. He threw his whole weight inwards and rounded it in safety. The deep ruts guided him, for his ski fitted nicely into each, and he had but to keep his feet. The pace grew terrific. The second corner came and passed. He had sunk almost to his knees now, and heard and saw nothing save the wind in his ears, and tree trunks, interminable tree trunks, flashing past. The trees and the woodslide seemed to rock and sway with him as the pace rocked him from side to side.

Presently there came a white snow field, then there rose up before him, black and threatening, the rock of the Devil's Corner; he hurtled on at full speed and was swallowed by the blackness of night.

Seppel returned to a dim consciousness of water, timber yards, and a peopled village. Something had happened. He knew that. He sat up, and was seized by a fit of coughing. His mouth was full of blood. He spat it out and crammed in snow. Some time passed before he got to his feet: then he found his ski were broken at the toe; he had to fumble for his knife to cut the straps.

"Now for it," he murmured, and stumbled through the wood and patches of snow toward the village.

Down below, in a silence that now seemed more uncanny to the village than the firing, the people were still hurrying to and fro laden and empty-handed, when a cry sounded down the village street: "The stream has been dammed, is breaking through, has broken——"

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It was just a small boy running down the village street from the elm tree, looking scared. But his words were taken up and repeated, people shouted them at one another dazedly, and with one accord fled to higher ground. In sixty seconds no living thing remained within the precincts of the village.

Then there broke in upon the tumult a very distant roar. Rapidly it came nearer, until in one gigantic wave the first volume of the long imprisoned waters swept down the narrow valley.

The churchyard perched on the side of the hill was in itself a place of safety, and from there the refugees clambered over the wall, and into the steep fields beyond; the water filled the village and was still rising. The roofs of the houses looked out from the floods; here and there with a dull crash one gave, and the waters sucked in over it, leaving no trace to be seen.

And from the sloping fields above the people watched in silence, filled with horror, and with a certain silent thankfulness that they had been warned in time. Only the smith, a dark, stern-looking man, raised his fist and shook it at the waters as they surged around his forge, and swept away the great wooden shoeing platform, which crashed against a wall and splintered to pieces.

"The cursed floods!" he muttered.

"'Tis true," said the priest, eyeing him coldly, "the waters have been dammed,—and it is well that some one thought to warn us or we should have been in those houses now."

A murmur of approval ran through the little crowd. The smith shrugged his shoulders: he was a proud man as well as a stern, and it did not suit him to be rebuked thus openly. "Who brought the news?" he said sullenly.

"Aye, who brought it?" echoed the crowd.

"The Fichten peasant's lad Jorg cried it down the village street—he was here a minute since," said the Herr Lehrer.

"Jorg!" they called. But Jorg was nowhere to be seen.

In twenty minutes from the time when the news had been cried, the floods began to sink, leaving behind them a sea of mud which filled the marketplace, and buried the houses up to their

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first-floor balconies. In all the place there was not a window or a shutter to be seen.

"It was well we let the timber go," mused the Herr Lehrer, watching the last of the water drain off, carrying its wreckage with it; "now we shall but have to dig the houses out, the logs would have knocked them to pieces."

"'Tis easy for him to talk who has no property," grumbled mine host. "Of course the Government will set thy house to rights soon enough."

The schoolmaster winced at that, for the Tyrolese do not consider it very dignified to have one's house supplied by the State, so he turned away, and turning, saw a mud-bespattered schoolboy clambering over the churchyard wall. "Hullo, Jorg!" said he.

Every head in the crowd turned. "Where hast thou been? Whence didst thou get thy news?" they cried.

Jorg shook himself like a little puppy dog after a bath, and mud flew in all directions. Then he answered them: "Niessler Seppel came down as far as the elm tree with the news; he lies there now; it is muddy, but he needs the priest."

A motley crowd followed in the wake of the priest, school-children, the village master and mine host, the Sisters of Charity and the peasants, jostling each other over the churchyard wall, through an intervening stretch of mud where the grown men sank knee deep, and the children floundered, then up to the elm tree beyond. There they found Seppel lying on the sward. A thin stream of scarlet trickled from his mouth, whilst from a wound above his temple the dark red blood oozed slowly. The water had washed over his feet, but the rest of him was high and dry.

He raised his head at the sound of voices all about him, and cried again: "The stream has been dammed—is breaking through—has broken——" Then he lapsed into unconsciousness once more.

The crowd waited. Their priest knelt by him, murmuring some words.

Suddenly Seppel half raised himself, and with wildly staring eyes and hands that grasped at air he gasped: "Jesus Christ—

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my ski—are broken——" Another thin scarlet streamlet gushed from his mouth as he spoke, and stained the bundled coat on which his head had been rested. Then he fell back with glazed eyes staring heavenward.

Many knelt about him, watching for some sign of life, muttering a hasty prayer. Some one ventured: "He has burst a blood vessel, he has run himself to death."

The priest bent over him then and whispered, "He is dead," and pulled a silver crucifix from beneath his cassock to hold before the unseeing eyes. A woman sobbed.

Presently they carried him into the church, and laid him as he was in his leather shorts, with the woollen gaiters that reached halfway up his thighs, and his heavy nailed boots dented across the toes by the ski straps, on the first step of the high altar. He lay there through the night, guarded by the carven images of the saints and martyrs which looked down from their niches at him who lay, not less motionless than they, at the altar of their God.

Later in the eerie light people passed in and out: every man and woman he had saved came to see his simple lying in state.

The day he was buried they traced up his last eventful journey back to the place where the discovery had been made. They tracked him up the ridge, and found his pickaxe sticking into the tree. Then guided by the Gährner peasant at the Devil's Corner they found his ski lying broken with the straps cut through; and here also were the first blood stains that told of the terrific smash.

So it is, says Seppel's grandfather, that to the elm above the village there is nailed a broken ski-point; and in the churchyard opposite there stands a handsome wrought-iron cross subscribed by the village corporate. And the tears that glisten in the old man's eyes when he has told his story are not all bitterness, for pride has banished sorrow in the heart of Seppel's grandsire, and he stands hat in hand at the cross of Seppel the younger, murmuring over and over the words of the inscription:

> "On ski he made his way to Heaven,
> And saved unshriven souls from Hell."

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THE MINORITY REPORT ON VIVISECTION

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

IF public opinion is the supreme court, the minority judges have a dissenting statement to hand down in the matter of vivisection.

To cultivate a taste for being in the minority is not an easy task. Numbers, to most of us, are very persuasive. We, therefore, who persist in staying on the unfashionable side in this controversy,—who are always being uselessly defeated, who cannot take the advice of our opponents and let these powerful sleeping dogs lie still, but must forever be prodding them with our appeals and arguments,—only remain obstinate because, weary as we may of the strife, we cannot persuade our reason and our conscience to think well of vivisection.

In the first place, we think it stands in the way of social reform. This charge is made against the corporate, and not against the individual doctors, whose incalculable service to the poor we, like the rest of the world, regard with grateful pride. Individually, and theoretically, no doubt the defenders of vivisection believe in sanitary reform, improved housing, playgrounds, the minimum wage (at least for women), etc. All these excellent but tiresome reforms they damn with faint praise, while they applaud the "miracles" and "marvels" of animal experimentation which provide ever new sera to preserve us from the effects of dirt, neglect, overwork, crowded tenements, gutter-bred childhood, and worn-out motherhood. What is spent on studying tuberculosis would banish tuberculosis forever from some area or occupation where it is now rife: and it points a clearer moral still to observe that "606" is the best vivisection can do toward abating the "ancient evil."

The most singular recent case, however, of this near-sightedness in the vivisectional eye is anti-typhoid vaccine, which is almost literally offered as a substitute for cleanliness. Efficient sanitation is quite competent to deal with typhoid: but in our richly endowed laboratories, instead, the dog or monkey is patiently made sick, and a virus evolved by which to protect the

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lazy camp or community that prefers (to use the language of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*) "a comfortable amount of sloth and filth."

Again, much is made of vivisection as a savior of children's lives, and its most telling appeals are those which call on the passionate tenderness and desperate anxiety of parents. But in practical results what vivisector has saved as many children as did Jacob Riis? Or, looking at the matter from another angle, does the corporate medical opinion of the country assist the National Child Labor Committee with the irresistible backing which nothing else, not even the combined churches, could give? Very pertinent are these considerations to one who watches the slow struggle of social workers to raise the "age of consent," to shorten the long day of young workers, to rescue the breaker boys from the black air they breathe, and the infant canners from their dismal summers in forlorn camps of dirty shacks. Do the defenders of vivisection ever take a day to go to their State or National capital to urge the passage of some life-saving bill indorsed by the Children's Bureau? Are there paragraphs in daily papers headed "State Academy of Medicine to Fight the Sweated Industries," or "National Body of Physicians Denounce Employment of Children in Mines"?

It was long, it required experience of diverse sorts, before the social workers were welded into an almost unanimous band of woman suffragists. Miss Addams, at the close of a recent book, makes an interesting study of interlocking reforms. That vivisection will ultimately be thus recognized as a stumbling-block in the social path I have no doubt at all. Time will make clear how it works toward this bad end by focussing the public attention on ways to cure or forestall particular diseases, instead of on tackling the real problem of raising and safeguarding the public health. What we need is less to elude the germs of sickness one by one by a set of inoculations, than to raise our vitality and houseclean our environment.

Vivisection also has something to answer for in the case of psychotherapy. Nothing in the narrow bigotry of Christian Science can excuse, nothing perhaps can equal, the astonishingly cold shoulder the profession as a whole has turned toward all forms

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of mental healing. They, who were the providential leaders for the discovery (or re-discovery) that

> "A man is not a cage of bone,
> Or web of muscle, snugly tied
> To keep a separate soul inside,
>
> But one inextricable whole
> Of thinking flesh, of sentient soul,"

shrugged indifferent shoulders and passed by on the other side. Had psychotherapy been discovered by inoculating a series of dogs with nervous prostration, how different might have been the professional attitude! How much more likely a Nobel prize to befall the happy vivisector! I was lately looking over a pamphlet sent me three years ago by an officer of the Research Defence Society. It is entitled "The Service of Animal Experimentation to the Knowledge and Treatment of Nervous Diseases," by Dr. Charles L. Dana. The Emmanuel clinics were well established, Dr. Van Eeden had visited this country, and Moffat and Yard's shelves were bulging with books on self-suggestion, when this pamphlet was issued by the Committee on Experimental Medicine of the Medical Society of the State of New York. It says not a word about any of them, nor about Charcot and his marvels in the Salpetrière; makes no mention of Janet or Dubois, and in short, concerning those hundreds of thousands who were even then benefitting by mental treatment of a wise or foolish sort, it preserves the silence of the grave.

Another instance of what I have called the near-sightedness of vivisection and its champions is in the matter of hydrophobia. To anyone who has had the curiosity to read the witchcraft trials of the seventeenth century, the description of hydrophobia in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* presents a startling parallel. Not only is every manifestation of acute and frantic fear presented there as a symptom, but it is expressly stated that the *thought* of swallowing water produces the same effect upon the throat as actual water. The reader rubs his eyes, half persuaded that he is reading the testimony of hysterical children in Salem three hundred years ago. It is well known that policemen,

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dog-catchers, animal rescue workers, pound-keepers,—in short, all those persons exposed most constantly to bites of vagrant and vicious dogs,—are apt to be very sceptical about hydrophobia. No London policeman ever had it; and the dog-catcher of Denver, on the occasion of his two-thousandth bite, expressed the usual doubt about the existence of the disease. Dr. Dulles of Philadelphia, who has several times been medically authorized to investigate the question, thinks the word "hydrophobia" should be used like the word "convulsions" to indicate a condition, not to suggest a cause.

Such facts, of which there are many, surely furnish data for a reconsideration of the question: but with an appearance of supporting any and all claims of vivisection through thick and thin, its defenders belittle and deny to the best of their ability all that would tend to allay the annual August panic.

Among other indictments of vivisection, only one seems of equal importance with these: I mean of course the cruelty it involves. No records of animal pain are kept, it is true: it is not perhaps thought of sufficient importance. Indeed, Professor Angell of Chicago University definitely says:

"But even if all experimenters were hardened by their work into a disregard of animal pain, society might still pronounce the value of their results to outweigh this drawback . . . whatever their personal attitude toward the animals with which they work."

The bulky, technical and expensive records where the mute sufferings of vivisected animals lie hidden are difficult both to reach and to search. Defenders of the unrestricted practice often assert that it is practically painless. Anecdotes are told of animals which voluntarily seek out the laboratory because of the enjoyable experiences they have had there. On our side, we must confess, equally wild and whirling statements are sometimes made. Perhaps we even rival our opponents in the unconscious art of exaggeration. A point impossible for either side to speak certainly about is whether animal consciousness is sufficiently developed to enable them to feel such pain as human beings do. There is some evidence of callousness to suffering among both animals and very young children. I hope animals

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suffer less than we should do from the wounds and diseases inflicted on them in laboratories. And yet I sometimes fear that as their senses are often keener than ours, their sense of pain may (God forbid!) be keener too.

Something may be inferred from the attitude of vivisection's defenders when restriction is proposed. Any bill forbidding extreme or prolonged pain is apt to be bitterly opposed by them as a "death-blow to science." Such statements appear to be rather strong evidence that such pain is, as we fear, part of the day's work in the laboratories. In Philadelphia, in April, occurred the trial of five vivisectors for the neglect of wounded dogs. It had not been thought, by anti-vivisectionists, that anything in the experiment itself, however painful, could be ground for action. But when Judge Bregy charged the jury, he stated that the laws of Pennsylvania did not permit torture of an animal for any other purpose than the animal's own welfare. *The New York Times,* strongest of pro-vivisection papers, at once stated editorially that this was an astounding reading of the law, and would be reversed by the higher courts. What then becomes of the frequent remark, by apologists for vivisection, that if torture is inflicted the law might be invoked? When the right to torture is confidently claimed, it is natural for the public to suppose it is claimed for practical, and not Pickwickian, purposes.

And this belief, which we would gladly change for a more consoling one, is unfortunately sustained by the language of many experimenters themselves. At Johns Hopkins recently, for example, scratched and corroded marbles were introduced into the bladders of dogs, and the results observed. The "studies" of the Rockefeller Institute several times report that animals were "found dead in the morning." Rabbits which have had their eyes irritated to produce abscesses and ulcers sometimes survive until their eyes are eaten away. A doctor who was himself a warm upholder of vivisection told me that he had declined to watch some experiments on the eyes of rabbits because of the horrifying pain they involved; and he added "they were not calculated to serve any useful purpose." Dogs fed on tuberculous sputum survive for months; cats are reduced to "extreme emaciation"; cancerous mice are inbred to procure a more malignant growth;

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wounds have been sometimes purposely left unsterilized to study their festering.

Professor James wrote a careful letter to *The Evening Post* a year or two before his death, in which he said that while the anti-vivisection agitation was, in his opinion, often unjust, vexatious, untruthful and "idiotic," it was useful, it was even necessary, as matters stand, to curb the "unspeakable possibilities of callousness, wantonness and meanness of human nature." The expert psychologist speaking here recalls Froude's great dictum on the Inquisition:

"But the heart must often correct the follies of the head."

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WASTES AND ABUSES OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

EDSON N. TUCKEY

HOW absurd and pernicious the claim, so commonly made, that " in order to train the memory, secure culture and develop the power of thought " students must spend many years studying ancient languages and higher mathematics!

As a matter of fact, there is no subject or group of subjects which possesses a monopoly or anything resembling a monopoly of such educational values. Culture and mental discipline are not the exclusive or preëminent possession of students of the " classical " and higher mathematical courses. It has not been proved that any particular subject matter, as such, possesses even exceptional virtue in developing the power to think or the qualities of a virile culture. Certainly, it has not been established of any subject matter whose present and subsequent worth to the majority of students is relatively small. What subject matter offers a better opportunity for the development of mental power than the infinitely complex, vital and far reaching problems of present-day human life and environment? Earnestly grappling with those problems, directly, will develop mental power, or nothing can. For years, the writer has been insisting that " Know thyself " is an excellent starting point for an educational system and that a man can know himself only when he possesses a scientific knowledge of his present institutional and natural environment. The remote and relatively unimportant should come later in the order of acquisition. For a man to know himself, it were better to begin with his own present person and times than with Adam or Aphrodite.

Culture, as such, is not locked up in the urns, caskets, tombs and dead languages of buried civilizations or even in the abstract formulæ of higher mathematics. The source of virile culture is as broad as human interest, as deep as reality and as variable as the shifting scenes or points of view on the highway of human development.

Acquiring the vocabularies and constructions of ancient and

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foreign languages develops the memory no more than acquiring any other group of facts of corresponding magnitude. In fact, memorizing merely for examinations and credits instead of for frequent future use probably injures more than it benefits the memory. The habit of reading but to forget is all too easily acquired. The habit of gaining valuable information for future use and satisfaction cannot too soon be acquired. The justifiable belief of students that much of the required work of high schools and colleges will be relatively of little value to them in later life, encourages evasion, superficial thinking and temporizing—a dangerous attitude toward life and intellectual pursuits.

The subject matter of pure mathematics, consisting largely of abstract quantitative or spatial magnitudes and their relations, affords no greater field for mental discipline than that of many another science. Abstract idealities are no more realities of consciousness than the other facts of experience and offer no more difficult problems. The mathematical line with its one dimension, the mathematical plane with its two dimensions, and many other mathematical concepts are abstract idealities, not realities of sense experience. Define your circle as an ideality contrary to or transcending sense experience—as an area possessing a circumference all points of which are absolutely equi-distant from the centre—reason accurately, and every conclusion will follow with certainty, exactness and finality. But there is never any more involved in a mathematical conclusion than is implied in the definitions and assumptions. If the latter are idealities, the former will be. The very finality and certainty of the deductive process seem to doom the man of little mind to the adamantine shell and limitations of his own definitions. The master thinker, on the other hand, conversant with the broader sciences and philosophies, has developed that power and habit of thought which sees through, above, below and all around the limitations fixed by the definitions and assumptions of his subject. All this is not to say that mathematics is not useful; but it is to say that mathematics is not superior to other sciences, economic and natural, in the development of that power to think as wise men must think in dealing with the problems of real life. "It is exact," yes. But the very exactness of which mathematicians boast is due largely to its

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assumptions contrary to fact—to those abstractions or idealities referred to above. Yet its exactness is foolishly regarded by some as conclusive proof of the educational superiority of higher mathematics. But adopt the same methods in other sciences, remove yourself in thought from the "vulgar world" of experience and verification, postulate idealities, proceed with mere deductions, and you have similar results of exactness. But these exact theoretical portions, which every developed science possesses, valuable though they are in their places, frequently result in absurdities of conclusion, where their nature and limitations are not understood. On the other hand, economic and political sciences have at times been ridiculed as abstract, theoretical and impractical, just because they have employed in certain problems the very methods which are lauded in mathematics and used there predominantly.

If, apart from its utility, any subject possesses peculiar educational value, it is primarily because of the method of instruction involved—developed, perhaps, by long usage. But a monopoly of method is as impossible as it is absurd. Equal opportunity and facilities will soon remove any such superiority as may still cling to the traditional studies of the old school. Memorization is a necessity for the mastery of any economic or natural science, as is the use of every method of investigation. No science is inferior as a field for all-round mental development, excepting such as may use one method almost exclusively. No science is more limited in method—more given to the single process of deduction—than Pure Mathematics.

"Formal Discipline"

The really vital problem in our educational policy is not whether a person secures any development of power in doing one thing which he can carry over and apply to the next task, for that depends largely upon the relative characteristics of the tasks in question; but whether we can longer afford or the people will much longer endure the waste of time, energy and money involved in doing that which is relatively unimportant, in the uncertain hope that perhaps some "formal discipline" may be ac-

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quired which will possibly show itself in the performance of a subsequent task. A far more rational question is: What is the sense of doing any work or partially acquiring any part of a language or science, which ten chances to one will not be used again, when the time and energy could be employed in acquiring knowledge which would be of constant value in meeting the daily moral, political, economic, physiological and social problems of life, and give just as much real discipline in addition?

The writer contends, therefore, that the old system of educational requirements does not afford even the best sort of "training"—the last of the falling defences of the old school—not only for the reasons already given, but for the reason that the best efforts can be called forth in education, as in industry, only when the parties concerned are convinced that what they are doing is supremely worth while for themselves and society. "What's the use?" is a question which typifies an all too common attitude of mind found in our high schools and colleges—an attitude encouraged, if not engendered, by the relatively low use-value of the subjects "required." Such students are wiser than their educators and are entitled to our sympathy. If all educators would centre their attention for a while upon the questions of the relative utility and the relative costs of subjects in our educational curricula and honestly execute their best judgment thereon, many problems of scholarship and administration would solve themselves, and society would be vastly better off.

In his *Principles of Education,* Professor Ruediger has well stated that the doctrine of formal discipline "is valueless as a criterion for the selection of subject matter. To defend or retain a subject on the basis of disciplinary effect is to take a stand on an extremely slender support. Only intrinsic (?) values serve as valid bases for such retention and defence." Yet we have heard presidents of universities and deans of colleges persistently declare that mathematics and ancient languages are of far greater educational value than other subjects, not because of their relative utility to particular individuals for specific purposes, but because of their disciplinary effect. As if the thorough mastery of any useful subject would be possible without disciplinary effect! As

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if there were not enough of vital things in life to give us all the discipline that suffering humanity can endure!

The claim is often made that students must learn ancient languages in order to understand English. While that may be true, in part, of the etymological development or history of the language, as desired by the linguistic specialist, it is difficult to see why the present distinctions and shades of meaning of the words and constructions of the English language cannot best be learned by the majority of students through a direct and extended study of that language itself. The awkward constructions and translations of foreign languages, studied before the English has been thoroughly mastered, have often proved a veritable stumbling block in the use of English. For most students, the motto, *Improve your English via Latin and Greek,* should be supplanted by the motto, *Improve your English via English and acquire what Latin or Greek you need as the need for it presents itself in the study of English.* Begin with and hold to the English as the central linguistic problem for the majority, and then push out into the ancient languages for the specific purpose of getting light on the particular problem in hand, when it is needed. Do not drop the main problem and spend years studying dead languages in the uncertain hope that some day they may be of use. However it may be for students who are specializing in foreign languages, the majority of students would probably by the former method acquire a better knowledge not only of English but also of ancient languages.

Another stock argument is: "Languages can best be learned during the earlier years of life." But so can all other subjects involving memorization chiefly. "But," continues the stock argument, "the specialist who finally discovers that he needs a foreign language, which he did not learn earlier, now finds it more difficult to acquire." True, but for that reason are we to continue sacrificing four or six years of the lives of thousands of students who do not want and never will use that language, when they might have been profitably employed directly mastering those sciences which would distinctly aid them in the performance of their duties in the broader as well as the narrower spheres of human activity? Furthermore, men sixty years of age have been

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known to learn a language for the purpose of reading a particular book. A professor, about thirty-five or forty years of age, in a certain foreign university once told the writer that in the position occupied by the professor it was important for him to know the Russian language. He was then going to St. Petersburg with the intention of giving one summer wholly to the acquisition of that language, which he desired to know, not for " its own sake " or for some fancied " culture " or " discipline," but for the purpose of using it as a tool in solving certain problems. He was doing what he believed to be, at that time, of greatest utility to him and to society, not learning a language because of the traditional practices of his ancestors.

Waste of Human Resources in Our Educational System

Thirty-three labor leaders were recently imprisoned for complicity in the destruction of property and human life. What should be done with those college professors, high school principals and teachers, who are wasting human energy, life and capital by misdirecting students and by misrepresenting the relative values of studies? If " time is money," it is also character, success and life, when properly used. He who wilfully or carelessly wastes the time and energy of students in the formative period of life, when ideas, habits and attitudes of mind toward life are acquired as never after, is a moral criminal just as much as the laborer who destroys capital by dynamite. Both practices are utterly abhorrent, but if, in the former case, personal ambition is the controlling motive, while in the latter, it is the real or imaginary welfare of thousands, the relative moral worth of the two classes of offenders is not hard to gauge.

Unnecessary waste is uneconomical and immoral. It is also relative. He who spends his time doing that which is worth relatively less to him and to society than that which he might be doing is wasting his time and energy. He who makes the best possible use of his time and substance, in the interest of society and himself, is essentially moral, as well as economically superior.

Probably ninety per cent. of liberal arts students leave college without the ability to read or write any foreign language with

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ease and fluency—to say nothing of their own. What are we doing? Are we maintaining factories for the sake of training the young to forget, to form habits of superficial treatment of problems, to waste rather than to conserve human energy? Mastery of one foreign language, wisely selected with reference to the particular student's future needs, would be worth vastly more to the majority of students, whether from the standpoint of culture or utility, than a mere smattering of several ancient and modern languages, as required under the old system.

Means versus Ends

We should keep in mind the distinction between means and ends. To every specialist his subject tends to become, more or less, an end. To the majority of people, however, his subject is a mere means to some higher end. Actually, there are degrees or gradations between mere means and real ends. Certain subjects are for practically all men mere tools or means to an end. Other subjects, based upon the former perhaps, deal more or less directly with those vital problems of human life, relationship and environment, which are ever present and immediate verities. They are problems of human welfare; and human well-being is surely an end.

Languages are primarily means, not ends. They are the means of acquiring and conveying ideas. The object of a rational educational system, designed best to further progress and general well-being, is not the acquisition of many ways of expressing the same idea, but many ideas regarding ourselves and our environment expressed in one way, or at any rate, in the most economical and effective way. It is not worth while for a student to acquire a foreign language, unless it is for him essential to the acquisition of relatively much needed ideas or facts not found in his own language, or unless for some purpose such as that of international trade, travel or politics, the acquisition of that language is of special value to him or to his nation.

Truth, justice, facts, logic, scientific accuracy and analysis, not rhetoric and linguistic window-dressing, are the hope of freedom. Clear, simple, forcible English is more to be desired by the ma-

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jority, than a few terms, phrases and constructions gleaned from dead or foreign languages. Few ideas are so marvellous that they require more than one language in order to be conveyed. If they cannot be expressed in English, let the English language be enriched at that point. A language that is growing at the rate of five thousand words a year can be adjusted to any such need.

Even linguists would declare an educational policy wasteful and obstructive, which required of all students a knowledge of all languages of all ages, or even of the thirty-four hundred languages and dialects said to be in use at the present time. As a matter of fact, any unnecessary multiplicity of languages required of students is an economic waste. No man has an adequate conception of relative values, who does not understand what economists call "opportunity cost." He who does one thing is sacrificing the opportunity to do other things. The law of cost is as inexorable in the expenditure of human energy as is the principle of displacement in physics.

The most ideal, the most economical arrangement possible would be a single universal language, in which all accumulated and recorded knowledge is expressed. The largest amount of valuable knowledge would thus be available to all at the lowest cost. The best and most generally understood expression of each idea, not thousands of inferior expressions of the same idea, is the educational policy which gives promise of greatest good. Every additional but unnecessary language required of students becomes a means of robbing them of efficiency and the knowledge which they most need. Valuable ideas, which teach new lessons or point the way to better conditions and life, not the many languages in which those ideas are clothed, are what the majority want.

Misnomers and Pretensions

Another point should be clearly grasped. In this article the writer is not speaking of history, art, science or philosophy taught in the name of some language. The language professor who places relatively large emphasis upon things other than the structure, vocabulary, and evolution of a language is not teaching language, *per se,* so much as history, science, art, etc., under a misnomer. He may be wise in clothing the dry bone of his subject

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with such living materials and interests. But he is either blind or dishonest if he pretends to justify extensive "requirements" in languages because of professorial excursions into sciences and philosophies better taught by competent specalists in those fields. In this article, then, by the study of languages is meant, primarily and chiefly, the study of grammatical structures and vocabularies —the study of the means of conveying ideas, not an analysis of those ideas themselves. As we have seen, such study has no more cultural or disciplinary value than any other. The study of the structures and vocabularies of languages must therefore be justified, if at all, upon the ground of the relative utility of those languages, as compared with other studies, for definite purposes—for specific and relatively desirable ends to be attained by the individuals concerned.

Think of the economy of human energy and resources that would result from the removal of all "requirements" in ancient languages, except for the few who expressly need them for specific pursuits, as in unearthing ancient lore, and from the employment by English-speaking nations of a few experts to put, once for all, into excellent English the veritable jewels of thought found in those languages! Thousands of years of wasted effort, now exacted of our youth, could be saved for themselves and humanity. We need a new bible in English—a bible of the valuable parts of ancient recorded knowledge put into accredited form. All along the line of educational endeavor there is needed an intelligent application of the economic principle of division of labor—a type of specialization which will reduce the cost or increase the output of our educational system, and which, in either case, will increase the surplus of satisfactions and, consequently, human well-being. This does not mean, as has been shown elsewhere, a narrow bread-and-butter vocational training. It means, rather, a broad and gracious introduction to the vocation of splendid living. It means an attitude toward life in which affectation and pretension are scorned and hated as mere variant manifestations of base lies. If justice, truth and love of truth, as the possible possession of one and all, are among the basic motives of our educational system, as they should be, many of our educators have much to learn of the standards of honor which such motives demand.

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THE PRESS AND THE REPORTER

GEORGE H. and GILBERT V. SELDES

AN answer to the anonymous article *What is the Matter with the Press?* in THE FORUM of April, 1914, would hardly be necessary were it not that the author of it has taken, for answer to the question, the one thing, the only thing in the newspaper world which is honestly, and thoroughly, and almost eternally right, and said that it was disgracefully and almost irretrievably wrong.

The author of that article is, according to his own statements, a moderate failure at newspaper work, just as he was, again by his own admission, a failure at railroading. He killed his conscience at the age of 28 and he is now writing for money, being frank, as in this case, or hypocritical, as in a case he mentions, according to the demands of publication. He finds that he is "the most vicious element in the newspaper world to-day." One could dismiss this unhappy case with the reflection that here, at last, was a man who valued himself properly, were it not that he proceeds to exercise the faculty (until recently believed to be the feminine prerogative) of generalizing from a specific instance, and talks wildly and foolishly about "reporters" and what he calls "our dirty little profession."

If our profession is either dirty or little there is neither a clean nor a thoroughly big profession in this world—which may be the true condition—and may not. The hard, cynical, degraded reporter of public fancy, is still sentimental enough to believe that his profession, that of the *news-writer,* is clean, and his life is usually a bitter, and often a successful, struggle to keep that profession clean. We are not attempting to make a white angel, burning with purity, of the reporter, and we are not generalizing from a few specific cases culled in two limited experiences—which would be indelicate, at best. This article is written out of a somewhat extended observation and on the authority of men who have known reporters in the most intimate way—the city editors of metropolitan newspapers. Their testimony is unanimous, and to quote one expression of it is enough.

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"*The reporter, and especially the young reporter, is the saving grace of the newspaper,*" said a city editor who had met hundreds of men in his experience. "The most surprising thing in making a paper is *the inexplicable and sometimes mad desire on the part of reporters to tell the truth.* It's a baffling phenomenon, but it exists almost universally."

Place beside that cheerful statement the claim of our anonymous detractor: "We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the 'story'—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants."

Now this, to a reporter, is really nonsense. Every paper wants its "story" and almost every paper of character wants its story treated in a particular way. There is nothing more illegitimate in this than in the employment of style in writing fiction. Fancy Joseph Conrad being rebuked for not writing the truth as Jane Austen wrote it! But apart from this consideration, the damning truth is that the newspaper, the city editor in particular, wants the *facts*. The insistence upon facts has been the ruin of thousands of men with literary gifts and bright young imaginations, who thought that they were superior to facts. The newspaper man, up to and including the city editor, to whom alone reporters are responsible, is a slave to facts, to mere information and to statistics. He may go beyond them in treatment, but he must bring them in and report them to his head, and know them by heart, and treat them with tender respect until he is told to do otherwise. As he may be. That is a separate story. Just now, one cannot wonder that the author of *What is the Matter with the Press?* was a failure at the good game, since he admits that "the actual fact is that we do not know we are lying." Interesting this statement is—if true. It simply means that this one reporter says of other reporters that when they go out on stories they do not get, or at best do not see, the facts. Otherwise they would know when they are lying. And they do.

Let so much, then, be understood. The news-writers, cub and star alike, get facts, know the truth, and are ready to tell it if they can. It is only part of their work; the other parts being "getting the feature" and writing the story acceptably. But it

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is the fundamental thing, and the denial of it makes the whole article in question a vain thing.

Comes then that interesting superstition about the "distortion of news." We call it a superstition merely in its relation to the news-writer. That it is a fact in other connections will soon appear. But as far as the distortion of news goes with the reporter, there is another word of wisdom from a city editor who had as little sentimental regard for the abstract truth as a man may have. "It's no use trying to fake a story," he said. "*The truth is infinitely more interesting and more useful to us* than any fake you can make up on the way in from an assignment. It takes longer than that to 'frame up' a good story. I have never asked a man to fake a story and I never expect to. There is material enough in the truth if the reporter would only see it."

If any confirmation is wanted of this let the reader consider the article published recently in *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. Isaac Russell. In that article the astonishing fact was brought out that the Hearst papers, when they intended a monumental fake in the office, sent out a man who was known for his unimpeachable honesty. (If we were writing for a newspaper we would say "alleged" in all this. The facts are taken on the authority of the article.) The truth about facts, as the newspaper gets them, is visible, and is not distorted because there is simply no point in distortion. Most facts are a matter of indifference to the newspaper owner. A fact may be "played up" or obscured, but it is printed unless the policy of the paper forbids. And inasmuch as a clean paper or a plutocratic paper or a socialistic paper has each its own standard, who shall say what news shall be printed?

It is not worth while, when there is so much still to be said in answer to the question of the press and what ails it, to take up each detail of the attack upon the reporter. One instance needs to be noted because it lights brilliantly the reporter's life. The author of the article quotes a case of a "joy-riding" chauffeur, trapped by ungracious fate, who perjured himself when charged with stealing a car he had unintentionally smashed, and who had the turn of the screw in knowing that his wife perjured herself in turn, pleaded guilty, received a bitterly unjust sentence

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and fell shrieking to the floor of the court-room. Of this story the author says he turned in "an infamously mild account,"—"the story that my paper wanted." One wonders on what paper he worked. There is nothing extravagantly unusual in this story, yet there is not a paper in any city of this corrupt country which would have rejected the proper treatment of the case. One has read stories more distressing, of injustice more flagrant in *The Sun* and *The Herald* and *The Call* and *The Journal,* in New York. One has read accounts of the Lawrence strike more directly undermining capitalism (which the press is supposed to shield) in *The Evening Post.* One has read uglier and more appealing stories in every paper in the land. Yet this reporter made no effort to tell the story truthfully.

Did he see the feature? Did he get the story in it which transcended economics and partisanship because it was human? Did he do what every reporter does, to the everlasting joy of his soul—see the wonder of life in the tragic mess? We doubt it. If he had he might not have needed to sell his soul. Because it is the infinite grace of the reporter's life that if he does see things, his soul is saved. The wonder of the life he is sent to report can catch him up and make a man of him in the armed teeth of every corrupt paper-owner in the world.

The reporter and the city editor are blameless in the whole affair. And one must speak of one when one speaks of the other. The city editor is a graduate reporter in almost every case; he remains blood of their blood when he rises to his position, and in him works the same desire to see the truth and to tell it. With the managing editor it is different. He is empowered to distort, to conceal, to deny the truth. Often he shares the owner's policies without the owner's excuse, which is simple self-interest. In many cases a managing editor will direct the exploitation or the suppression of news, at the owner's command, without an inward protest. And with him as a starting point we come to the solution of the whole problem. It is:

News is suppressed by interested persons in authority; the city-staff, reporters and city editor, are not interested and have no authority. In that syllogism, with its obvious moral, the reporter's innocence is made clear.

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DETERMINISM AND CHARACTER

C. E. HEATHCOTE-SMITH

NO human being is without some strain of madness:—this is one of the popular doctrines that passes unchallenged among us.

No one need be other than a wholly rational being—so says the determinist doctor and philosopher of Berne, Professor Paul Dubois.

The scope of this assertion is bold: it amounts to claiming that if this "sorry scheme of things" be grasped reasonably, all—except those with physically imperfect brains—afflicted with the wide-spread modern evil of neurasthenia or even subject to its lesser forms, as melancholy, anger, ill-humor, impatience or timidity, can be trained so to think and feel, that their minds will be gradually turned to serenity and optimism.

Dr. Paul Dubois is the professor of neuropathology at the University of Berne, and has propagated his theories about life by word of mouth and through his books since 1888.

The four books he is best known by, *Les Psychonévroses et leur Traitement Moral, L'Education de Soi-Méme, Influence de l'Esprit sur le Corps* and *Raison et Sentiment,* have all been translated into English as well as other languages, while many mental specialists and educationalists in America and elsewhere pay increasing attention to his theories.

"Man is the only animal that does not know how to live"—such is the cry wrung from Dubois after listening to the plaintive tale of one of his patients. The life of all other animals is simple: they live by the impressions received through their senses: they react almost directly on these impressions themselves, their sluggish brain performing but a minimum of independent function. But man's life is other; it is complex; it is made up of the sense-impressions he receives, which his brain translates into ideas and at times into feelings. If he suffers from a disordered or affected brain, it naturally perverts his sense-impressions. All happiness and misery proceed from one's feelings and as the brain is to be shown as the medium for their

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confection or production, its right training is the pivot on which all else turns.

The whole of man's life is activity, and this activity continues in his sleep and in his dreams. But it is not a single activity; it is two-fold; it consists of automatic acts, as digestion or breathing, and of voluntary acts which we control in the brain and perform consciously under the influence of motives. It is these acts which make up our life in relation to the outside world, that is our social life, and which can hence be defined as our conduct.

What are the forces which determine our conduct and make us act? They are feelings and nothing but feelings and, as we shall see, their place of registration is the brain. All we do is done under the influence of feelings, strong or weak, lasting or fleeting, which may result in actions good or bad.

Poets, literary men or artists may tell us that the number of feelings is legion: indeed at first sight this appears so, for is it not in the infinite diversity of feelings that novels, dramas, all art in fact seeks its subject? But however complex, or however numerous our feelings may seem, two alone make up our *sentient* or emotional life—wishing and fearing.

The one, wishing, urges man on and incites him to attain his desires: the other, fearing, holds him back and makes him recoil from what he dreads. In fact, there exist really only two primary feelings, pleasure and displeasure.

Dubois would go further and say man has never had but one motive of action—wishing: either the positive wish for something to happen, or the negative wish that something should not happen. Every time we act and in whatever way it be, there can be traced one, and only one, cause setting us in motion—our wish.

If boys pass an orchard and reason holds back some, while impulse eggs others on to steal the apples, we should say reason is better than impulse; again, it might be my reason or logic telling me to punish my enemy while my "better feelings" incline me to mercy. Thus sometimes it is impulse that prompts a kindly action, whereas cold reasoning over the matter would banish the sentimental instinct and lead to a more selfish decision,

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while at others reason plays the beau rôle. But is there really any essential difference between the two? Undoubtedly a distinction between impulse and reason seems to be accepted by everybody and has passed into our daily speech. Is not there a saying that "All good thoughts come from the heart"? Pascal too wrote "Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas."

Superficially, yes, a distinction between the two can be noticed: there often seem in us two personalities, the one impulsive, enthusiastic and easily carried away, the other reflective, thoughtful, full of self-control. Sometimes we approve the first, sometimes the second: our preference flits from one to the other backward and forward. When our reason has restrained us from some passionate outburst, it is to reason and reflection we pay homage, but when we have displayed impetuous generosity, then it is our "good heart" that is first favorite, and pedants who wish to reason out everything are accorded a poor welcome.

There is indeed so much confusion, mingled with so much truth, in our contradictory ideas about reason on the one hand and our instinct, impulses, or feelings on the other, that the fundamental error of the discussion must be laid bare.

What are feelings and what is reason?

Feelings, says Dubois, evidently originate, not in our heart, but in our head. The heart does not feel, however delicate it may be; it has purely physical functions. It may beat quicker when we are excited, and is thus acted upon by our feelings: but to say our feelings come from our heart is like saying that in a dog its feelings come from its tail because that is what it wags when it is happy!

It is to our *soul* and not to our heart we must attribute the feelings on which we act. Without entering on a metaphysical dissertation as to what our soul may be, it will be agreed that it is through our brain we think, feel and hence act: and to the seat of these complex functions we apply, according to circumstances, the almost synonymous terms of soul, mind, understanding, judgment, etc. These words—think and feel—have been so sedulously kept apart, that we have begun to regard the functions themselves as separated into water-tight compartments. But this is a great mistake. The life of our soul or our mind

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—for they are one and the same—is composed solely of *mental pictures or images*. Everything for us is an image or picture: pictures, our most simple sensations: pictures, our more complex impressions: pictures, our thoughts and the words that serve to express them: pictures again, the feelings arising from them which we perceive and which end in actions.

The subjectivity of these images or mental pictures needs emphasis. As Dubois says, it is not one's ear or the telephone apparatus that hears: it is the subscriber who is listening. So it is with our feeling and thinking ego, our mind, which pigeonholes the image and at the same time forms a judgment as to it. All our mental life consists of the formation of images, i. e. of "imagination"; very often too we form not true imaginations, corresponding with reality, but false ones where error has crept in. Nor is error to be considered as exceptional. In an experiment made by Dr. Schnyder, an electric shock was given to 300 people with an apparatus that contained absolutely not one atom of electricity: yet 77 per cent. of the subjects felt varying sensations, from the faintest tickling up to the most intolerable pains!

Aristotle said: "Nothing exists in the intelligence which has not first been in the senses." That means we can never have a single thought which has not been provoked by a sensation coming either from outside or from our inner self and reaching our intelligence through one or more of the five senses. It is by these we establish the relation of things and form judgments as to them. All these processes constitute in turn rapid mental pictures. Let us illustrate this.

If I prick my finger, a physiological change takes place in me. The wound causes a wave to pass through me and it reaches the cerebral cells. Then happens a so-far unexplained phenomenon. My feeling and thinking faculty—my ego—becomes cognizant of a "sensation." This is no longer physiological, but is now psychological. It is already complex too by the time it is felt. We—our brain—distinguish the ego which suffers, and the outside object, which caused the small wound.

All this was momentary, but happened in a regular order, always the same; pricking; nervous current; disturbance of the

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brain-cells; these are the physiological conditions. Lastly the whole process results in the psychological phenomenon;—the subjective image or picture of the pricking which we commonly call a mental perception.

How then does a mental image or perception become a feeling? Dubois answers this by saying a mental image becomes a sentiment when it is made warm or given color by the addition of an emotional movement. A mental image can remain purely intellectual and cold, as when we notice that a given triangle is equilateral; it then leaves us indifferent. To move us an element exciting passion or emotion—i. e., putting us in motion—must be introduced.

If you stand in Paris in the Avenue de l'Opéra and look at the clocks showing the different times in America, East Europe and so on, you perceive mentally various facts, which will in no way influence your life, and they remain cold perceptions; but if while your eye rests on the clock representing Paris time, the idea come to you that you have just missed an important appointment, the mental perception of the minute before has now been colored and given life and warmth by this second superadded perception, and at once an emotional element has entered in; you are set in motion—moved—by a feeling now, whether of anger, impatience or regret, and you will act on it.

If we examine our feelings at any moment the same unalterable sequence is always present: the *mental perception,* then this is given life by a *feeling* of pleasure or displeasure and an *act* inevitably follows, unless another image comes to create a contrary desire.

The reason of this transformation from cold perception to warm feeling is always identical, always the same—it is *self-love.* As long as a thought remains purely intellectual, as an algebraic formula for instance, it leaves us cold. As soon as it brings our attention back to ourselves, to our moral or material or spiritual interests, as soon in fact as it can be even remotely connected with us personally in any way, at once we have a *feeling* about it, whether of pleasure or displeasure, and our natural, and in no way blamable, self-love has converted the thought into a feeling.

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Naturally it is when our own personal interests are affected that we are apt to feel strongest, but however faint or however passionate our feelings, the sequence of mental image—feeling—act—is unalterable.

Generally speaking, feelings are thought of as primary or spontaneous: this is the popular conception. Everyone admits that most of us spend a large part of our life doing things we would prefer not to do—through our laziness, impatience, irritability, impetuosity, to mention some of the more venial weaknesses only. When argument is used, the answer comes readily: "Well, but I can't help it, I *feel* like that: my feelings carry me away: you can't reason about one's feelings."

If the popular fallacy were correct and feelings were really spontaneous and primary, we could obviously never alter them: but as Dubois' arguments show, feelings (other than the purely animal instincts of hunger, etc.) are in their very essence secondary. They can be modified and altered either by our being brought to recognize that the idea which originated the feeling is not true, or that it does not affect our interests.

Thus a man white with passion at being called a liar, is restored to equanimity at once if he finds the original perception, which he colored into a feeling, was false, as when he learns the epithet was hurled at some one else.

This simple example surely shows that the only means of changing a feeling is to have the basic original perception calmly examined, so as to see if there really was sufficient reason for becoming excited or moved over it.

It is here that the determinist nature of the doctrines taught by Dubois comes into play.

We have seen how, after recognizing man's inability to live properly, he states that true happiness, and physical health also to some extent, are dependent on the conduct of the brain. Our philosophy of life must be sound and wholesome and to be able to follow it out we must grasp the mechanism of the mind. A fundamental error exists in our conception as to feelings and reason, for both really are controlled through the brain and both are subjective, being mental images: a feeling differs from

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a concept in that it is a further mental picture touching our self-love which is superimposed on our original perception.

The latter part of this article is to set forth briefly how Dubois explains determinism, showing that everyone practises its principles though they may believe themselves opposed to it in theory: how he utilizes our knowledge of the mechanism of thought for advancing his doctrine and how finally his philosophy leads to optimism and idealism.

Socrates was a determinist, as when about to drink the cup of hemlock, he exclaimed: "Men are not wicked, but are duped." So too was Father Lacordaire when he wrote: "To understand all is to forgive all."

Determinism maintains that man is not a free agent to wish any and everything: he can only wish for things in accordance with the character he has: this character is made up for him by his inherited instincts, his own nature and the ideas and experience that have come to him while being educated. Outside the limits of his own mentality he can no more wish for things that his character does not call for, than can a soprano sing bass. No man of perfectly moral instincts can force himself, will himself, to wish to murder: a real coward cannot by trying wish to be in the midst of danger, nor can a brave combative man wish to fly from the enemy when the odds are equal.

This Socratic notion is well developed by Dubois. He says it applies not only to our acts but to our thoughts also. "It is a strange delusion to believe we can think of *whatever we will* and *what we will*. No one, however great a genius he may have been, has ever had a personal thought or ever caused any given idea to spring up in his brain. All thoughts, however complicated they may be, proceed from an association of ideas and from that alone: they are in no wise subject to a sovereign will-power. Our thoughts are forced on us, and follow each other in our head without our being able to change their order, expel unpleasant ones or linger over those that are agreeable. They all come from chance stimuli, physical or psychic, reaching us from outside, extrinsic with regard to our inner self or mind, even when the stimulus resides within our organism. We do not originate our thought: it is the stimulus that gives it birth.

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Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu is the fundamental proposition of psychology."

Strictly speaking we do not think by our own effort, but are passively present while image succeeds image in the kaleidoscope of our mind. The same flow of thought-bringing stimuli goes on uninterruptedly through our passive, receptive brain, and in our waking hours no less than in our dreams we are powerless to oppose it, except in the following, passive manner. The direction and force of the current of thought can be opposed:—but only by the obstacles met in their onward flow. These obstacles consist of the former thoughts stored up in our memory, and which too were "born" originally in the same way—by association of ideas.

We ourselves admit this fact when in excuse for some act of forgetfulness, we say "The other idea *never came into my head.*"

But the belief that man is free and that his thoughts and acts are not *determined* for him by agents outside his power, is strongly held by millions, and even those who have grasped determinism in a certain degree come back to the charge by saying "Granted our thoughts are often suggested to us from outside: yet we can enforce a certain order on our thoughts: thus when we sit down for an hour to solve an algebraic problem, we direct our thoughts along a definite path."

Yes, says Dubois, in appearance you do if you do not take into account your blind *slavery to your inner self.* You do not voluntarily fix your attention: it is riveted by the attraction of the work itself which you say you force yourself to feel, but which, on the contrary, forces itself on you.

To understand determinism clearly, the imperative character of the motive which determines our feelings and actions must be realized.

Thus if a man stints himself for a year in order to make a certain investment for the benefit of others, it is because the motive exercises a fascination over him, which makes him consider it well worth while his daily sacrifices: while when a few days before the desired amount is reached he gambles away the entire sum, it is because for a few hours the glamour of playing

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was so powerful that he could not resist: in each case the motive is present,—the motive of pleasure which can be traced back to self-love. The attraction in the one case was of a moral order, in the second it was not. The more the man's mind by a careful training and education is stocked with good mental images, the more imperative will be the attraction of a motive of a normal order. If these mental images, and hence in this case moral principles, are shallow, so too the influence over him of selfish or evil motives will be all the stronger. His feelings and acts are *determined* for him by the moral composition of his mind, just as surely as his capacity for understanding is determined and limited by the greater or less acuteness of his brain.

If free will is brushed aside in this manner, however, what becomes of will itself? Can we have no thoughts, more primary and fundamental than the others, which we can at will throw into the involuntary flow of ideas and check them when we really wish it? Dubois' answer to this is that anyone is free to suppose, if he wishes to, that an autonomous will resides somewhere deep down in us: but its rôle would be very insignificant, and while the involuntary succession of ideas is an established fact, let those who claim that there are exceptions in the shape of voluntary ideas come forward with a proof of them. If no one can do this, there is still a last line of defence for liberty and free-will. It is that we always have it in us to choose, hesitate or decide, and follow either one of two courses.

Certainly, we can appreciate the relative value of motives, but only with the brain that we have with its inherited and developed instincts and tendencies. We are only free in so far as we can judge without other people interfering in our decisions; in that sense the word liberty is unassailable. But, asks Dubois, are we free to have any kind of an opinion on any subject and modify it by the exercise of our "free will"? No!

Spinoza answered this when he said "Men only think themselves free because they see their acts clearly, but do not consider the motives which determined those acts."

All our acts are governed by the central fact of our wish or desire. The only thing which can alter the direction of a desire, is *not* our *will* or will-power, but the appearance of a

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contrary mental image in our consciousness. The struggle between the two begins and we feel like a judge who is to award the prize: but we forget that in our judgment we bring our character and our prejudices, that we judge with our head and that our head was not built up by us. We choose between the ideas with the same liberty as we choose a hat: that is, not being forced by others but guided, in spite of ourselves, by our taste and we choose that which *seems to us* to be the best. Those who believe in free will when speaking of will-power, conceive that we decide aright by "moral effort." In determinist language this effort is merely the "painful hesitation" which seizes on us at times, as when the attraction of a moral act is beginning to wane before the enticement of a thoughtless pleasure.

Thus the quality that others call will, as the "will to do right," Dubois calls *clairvoyance* or clearsightedness, so that for him will-power when exercised morally is *moral clairvoyance*.

Determinism then lays down that, just as Lombroso taught in his books on criminology, man is philosophically speaking irresponsible, and except in so far as his moral culture provides a safeguard, a man born with evil instincts will inevitably do evil when opportunity arises; for his thoughts and feelings will be evil and the act follows automatically in accordance with the dictates of the brain. So far it is on the vague, hypothetical presence of a fragment of *moral conscience* preëxisting in every human creature's soul (i. e. mind) that the doctrine of responsibility is built up, with all the consequent harshness that is shown to those who sin. Dubois does away with the "preëxisting" conscience. His conscience is "the sum-total of moral concepts which at any given moment are to be found in a man's understanding and which serve to guide him in the conduct of this life." Thus conscience, apart from natural inherited predisposition, is the product of education.

But, whatever their theories may be, there are no thinkers to-day who do not practise the principles of determinism in this respect. The most ardent adherents of liberty and free-will lay the same emphatic stress on the benefits of culture and education no less than do determinists. Determinism says "An uneducated man with evil forbears and instincts will inevitably be a po-

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tential source of wrong-doing: he will judge the ideas that come to him with the mind he has, and cannot but be lured by wicked motives: educate him with 'sweet reason,' stock his memory and his intelligence with moral mental images, so that the beauty of high motives may strike root in his brain, and when next called upon to decide between a good or evil course, there is hope that he may be attracted by the honest motive." Is not, in substance, the language of the free-will school identical?

It is so much the case that we all realize how our feelings and acts are determined for us by our existing "character" (or, as Dubois might call it, "the whole content of our understanding"), that we feel "free" when doing what pleases us, and "enslaved" when compelled by others to act contrary to our own wishes. But, as Guyau says, "A dog held in leash by its master, and whose master wished precisely to go everywhere the dog goes and at the same pace, would believe itself perfectly free." And our "freedom" is the same. As long as nothing happens which forces us to act through fear—what we *wish not* to do—we have the perpetual illusion of freedom.

Now Dubois' doctrine is that if our "moral clairvoyance" were sufficiently developed, we should no longer be the slaves of our passions, but the slaves of a moral ideal. We have to be slaves—that we cannot get away from: but it is the consideration of the ethical aim in view that differentiates between the two kinds of slavery—to evil and to goodness.

If our reason, our faculty of understanding, tells us a certain course is the right one to be followed, we follow it surely and unhesitatingly according to the degree of our conviction of its truth. Thus Dubois seems to have no room for will-power, as such, and his thought is well expressed by one of his patients who said: "One's will falls passively into the rut hollowed out for it by one's reason." Therefore a man who fails in keeping new resolutions, is one who was only half-convinced, and is still under the sway of his former opinions. So we see will-power and understanding merge into each other. Spinoza crystallized this conception in these words, "Understanding and will are one and the same thing." Thus will is merely "reason convinced."

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Guyau once wrote "That man thinks imperfectly who does not act according to his thoughts." This sums up Dubois' theories very concisely. He teaches that really to be convinced of anything is the same as being constrained to act according to that thought. For, as set forth earlier, a feeling is merely "an idea that has been given color by the juxtaposition of a second idea touching our self-love." If we are convinced, if we think perfectly, nothing can shake this perfect conviction, no consideration of baser self-love can influence us and our act will follow the thought inevitably. It is by the understanding of this mental mechanism that Dubois expects so much good to arise.

It will be readily conceded that the number of children who, if trained early and appropriately enough, would be recalcitrant to the attractiveness of a moral ideal, is almost infinitesimal, provided those with hereditary or inborn mental weakness are not included. Dubois has found in the course of his career as a nerve-doctor that the proportion even of adults, many with deep-rooted prejudices and unsupple brains, who have been prepared to follow him along his lines of reasoning and master harmful impulses, so as to lead lives of greater optimism and utility for themselves and others, has been surprisingly high. So in his endeavor to place "Reason,"—no longer the fleshly goddess of the Revolution, but rather the sweet reasonableness of philanthropy—on this pedestal, where all may worship it and feel the vast power it conceals, Dubois has buoyant hopes.

His experience has convinced him of the intense logic—even of the neurasthenic—when taken singly, one by one apart, and reasoned with over the manner of life that each should live. The stupidity of crowds, of nations, is proverbial. Their anger, panic, excitement or depression, more contagious than any plague has ever been, are proofs of the unreasoning, puerile soul of men when massed together. But in the education of the individual, above all if he is taught to understand how his feelings derive from his thoughts and can be submitted to the beneficent control of his reason—there is endless hope. May it not be at some future time he can be so trained, that even when gathered together in nations, each man will still retain intact the intelligence so painfully developed in him?

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THE MAINTAINED PRICE

WARD MACAULEY

WHEN you get off the boat at a certain prominent summer resort, you will find yourself besieged by innumerable carriage drivers, each vociferous in his expressed desire to " drive you around the island." You will be handed a multitude of business cards, advertising the rates of the various drivers. Careful comparison of the entire lot will show you, however, that they do not vary in a single particular. The prices are the same from all and to all. Looks like a trust, doesn't it? A combination to boost prices, mayhap. At least, so it would seem to the many to whom uniformity of prices is anathema. But how is it in reality? In the old days, before the uniformity of scale was enforced by a commission, each driver would look you over and obtain from you what he thought the traffic would bear. It was a case of whether you or he proved to be the more accomplished " dickerer." The commission decided to enforce the sensible rule that Mr. John Smith should ride as cheaply as Peter Jones, whether he was his equal at the game of beating down or not.

This is the inner principle of the movement for price maintenance—the equality of the customer. Contrary to the view accepted by many, price maintenance is as much for the benefit of the consumer as for the merchant and his employees, and those who urge the maintained price are as eager for it to prevail in the goods they buy as in the goods they sell. There are those who argue that the maintained price is necessarily a higher price and therefore contrary to the welfare of the so-called consumer. If mankind could be divided into two camps, one of consumers and one of producers, it might be possible to consider the welfare of the consumer alone as such. As a matter of fact, all are both consumers and producers. Even those who actually produce nothing usually do so indirectly in the investment of their funds. Smith is a producer of shoes and a consumer of not only shoes but clothes, food, amusements, automobiles and a thousand and one other things. Therefore he must approach a question

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not from the standpoint of the mythical producer or consumer, but from his all-round experience and needs.

The maintained price works directly for the benefit of the purchaser, because he knows that he is being fairly treated, that he pays the same price that every other man pays and that he is getting " the bottom price." The average man would rather pay five dollars for a Knox hat with all the backing and guarantee that the name gives him, than enter a store and dicker with the proprietor and finally pay him three or four dollars for a hat of unknown quality and origin. The dealer is a skilled professional. He must know more about hats than you possibly can. If you attempt to deal with him on the terms of dicker, you are matching wits with an expert. No matter how much " discount," " reduction," or " special concession " you receive, you are always in doubt that you have struck bottom.

The competition should be between the makers of Knox hats and the makers of other hats, not among the retailers. In the case of well-advertised goods, retailers are properly only the agents of the manufacturer—the last link in the chain between maker and user. It has been contended that when a manufacturer ships merchandise to a retailer, he absolutely and entirely parts title and that he can exercise no control over its subsequent distribution. Advocates of price maintenance claim that in the case of branded, well-advertised goods, the relationship of principal and agent is clearly defined. The retailer has no possible use for the goods himself. Title of ownership is without value to him. He merely serves to pass them on to the actual user. Thus, it is clear that if certain hats are advertised to patrons all over the country at five dollars, the makers should be allowed to enforce the sale of their product at that price. Otherwise they are as guilty of discrimination as Mr. Jones, who looks his customer over and decides the price by his appearance of prosperity or otherwise. Advocates of price maintenance believe it to be as reprehensible to discriminate between two customers because one lives in Michigan and the other in Ohio, as between two customers who enter the same store.

A well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentleman entered a bookstore in a New York State city and asked for a copy of *Charles*

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O'Malley by Charles Lever. The proprietor himself produced a copy in an edition the general price of which was fifty cents. The customer passed the bookseller a five-dollar bill and received in change three dollars and twenty-five cents. He had paid a dollar and seventy-five cents for the fifty-cent book. It is this manner of trading that is the natural fruit of the commercial method advocated by those who oppose price maintenance. "Up when you can, down when you have to," is a little sign-post on the footpath of price competition.

The maintained price will do much to lift competition out of the meanest, most sordid field in which it can exist—the competition of price. In the eyes of all too many customers, a cent cheaper in the selling price covers a multitude of sins. Unsanitary conditions, overwork and underpay, employment of children, are all forgiven if a saving can be made. This, we are told, all works to the benefit of the consumer. It might, if this same consumer were not also working under the same unfavorable conditions somewhere else.

Government officials, on one hand, are investigating vice conditions, low wages and similar evils. On the other, they are restricting or prohibiting all attempts to bring about stable, maintained prices which will make the other reforms possible. In a daily newspaper in a great middle-west city, there appeared, in the same issue, two highly interesting items, when considered in relation to each other. One was a highly flamboyant display advertisement covering three columns and announcing that

"GEORGE H. JONES IS SELLING,"

thereafter offering cut-prices on several well-known articles. The other item was a small paragraph in the local column stating that

"George H. Jones was arrested to-day charged with employing children under thirteen years of age and with working women employees more than the ten hours prescribed by law."

Oh, blind leaders of the blind! Can you not see that this is no mere coincidence but an actual case of cause and effect? The cheaper price, if you really get it, must be given at the expense of somebody. Either the loss is made up by extra profit on other goods or it comes out of the wages that should be paid the work-

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ers. There is no alternative. Here we see the big store advertising its bargains every day. It is paying heavy rent and the owners stint themselves on nothing needful. Why delude ourselves into believing that the goods are being continuously sold at or near cost?

When you buy an article of goods, you ought to pay for it. You ought to pay for the raw material, for the making of it, for transportation and for the selling of it. Anything less than this is not a fair price for the article. The maintained price is an effort to scientifically determine what these prices should be. Manufacturers of highly advertised goods are neither going to set their prices so high as to drive away the public nor allow retailers an exorbitant profit. They do not find it necessary. Their advertising has already more than half made the sale for the retailer.

Cut-rates, so-called, give rise to all manner of dishonest and partly dishonest business. A certain drug store makes a practice of advertising well-known goods at very low prices, doubtless at or near cost. It is obvious that a business cannot be conducted, rent paid, clerks employed and other expenses met on any such basis. As a matter of fact, the clerks are given special premiums (P. M.s, so-called) for selling other goods of the same general nature. These are not well-known, advertised brands, and they do, no doubt, carry a very heavy profit. Stern insistence alone will secure for you any of the "special leaders" mentioned in the newspaper advertisement. "The something just-as-good" is urged, nay, forced upon you. It is obviously profitable business to sell one article at cost in order to sell five at a hundred per cent. profit.

Another drug store also advertises extremely low prices. This is not done with the idea of selling you the articles listed, since this would be without profit, but to create a general reputation for cheapness. Then next time you want drugs, you go to So-and-So's because you think you will save money. However, should you purchase any of the advertised items, you will pay full price, unless you specifically quote the amount named in the advertisement. These and numerous other "tricks of the trade" are but the natural product of "cut-throat competition."

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It is not intended that maintained prices shall prevail in all channels of trade. Indeed, this is manifestly impossible. Bulk goods, perishable merchandise, and the large body of unnamed wares will probably always remain subject to the law of supply and demand. It is on branded goods that are well-advertised that uniformity of price is most sought at present. This is on the theory that the manufacturer does not sell *to* a dealer but *through* a dealer to the customers who use the goods. On this basis, it may be clearly seen that a manufacturer should not permit any discrimination for or against any of his customers, wherever they may reside. In these days, when the Government is most rigidly insisting that railroads make their passenger and freight rates uniform to all who apply, recent court decisions tell the manufacturers that they not only can, but they *must* make discriminations between customers in various parts of the country by allowing their agents to sell at whatever price they please. When all the world is talking of coöperation, these decisions tell us that free competition is the most desirable form of society; that however disastrous such competition may be to those who compete, it operates for the welfare of the whole.

It is useless, however, to prate of reforming working conditions as long as price is made the general basis of competition. The man who runs his store the most cheaply, who pays the lowest wages, spends the least on improvements, will probably be able to cut a little under the man who conducts his business with some conscience. Certainly, the first will not take it out of his own mouth or off his own back. In a word, the competition of price at once brings the general condition as nearly as possible to the level of the lowest in the trade.

Maintenance of prices, even on articles protected by patent, it seems to be the law's present intention to prevent. However, what cannot be accomplished through force of law, can often be brought about, in large measure, by tacit understanding. For example, the prices of single copies of magazines are not frequently cut, though there is nothing to prevent a dealer doing so if he desires. The general understanding among dealers and customers alike that *The Saturday Evening Post* is five cents, *The Forum* twenty-five cents, *The Atlantic* thirty-five cents, *The Outlook* ten cents and so on, has acted sufficiently to bring about

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practically maintained prices for single copies. So while it may be prohibited for a manufacturer to compel his retailer to maintain prices, a healthy body of opinion may be created which will result in price-cutting being a rare exception rather than a general rule. It is doubtful also whether any manufacturer or jobber can actually be compelled to sell to any dealer he may consider undesirable, even though the law does maintain that once sold, the maker's control ceases. Until such time, therefore, as modern ideas of coöperation supplant the old orthodoxy of free competition in our legal procedure, it will behoove all who believe in maintained prices and honesty in commerce as opposed to chicanery and hypocritical cut-rates to influence as many others—in and out of trade—to the same point of view.

"Free competition" is life with the rules suspended, the lid off, and everything goes. "Free competition" is a wrestling match with the strangle-hold, the toe-hold, the gouge and everything else allowed. "Free competition" is a permit to all and sundry to employ cheap labor for long hours in an endeavor to beat the other man's price. Free competition may mean the survival not of the strongest, but of the trickiest.

The elimination of the maintained price would mean either one of two things. Either manufacturers and publishers would have to cease advertising any price or the price advertised would no longer mean anything because not the actual selling one. In either case, the possibilities of dishonest practice are manifest. If no prices at all are advertised, the buyer is compelled to match his incomplete knowledge against the expertness of the seller. Does anyone contend that it would be for the general welfare for advertisers to discontinue announcing prices? Yet, if this advertised selling price be not maintained, what manner of business are we led into? The selling price becomes a purely fictitious one and may be set at all kinds of figures for the special purpose of granting discounts. Not many years ago, it was a common sight to see sets of books marked "Publishers' Price $22.50. Our Price $3.75." On the box were the printed figures to prove the assertion. This mythical pricing can be carried to almost any lengths once the public has been trained to expect discounts.

If all the makers of soap in the country combined to raise the price of soap, it would be wrong. For the manufacturer of

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Ivory soap to be able to set the retail selling price of his own product is right. If he asks too much, other soap-makers will get the business. He has a right to protect himself against cut-rate dealers who advertise " specials " on a few well-known items at very low prices for the purpose of selling other items at an extra profit. That this loss must be made up on other merchandise is apparent, since no merchant can pay his business expenses and sell his goods at cost, or nearly so.

Sometimes, the cut-rate merchant is genuinely frank in admitting that his " leader " is only bait for him to make money off you in other directions, for he advertises that he will sell you his " special " only in connection with a general order for one dollar, two dollars or five dollars.

Modern business must rest on the secure foundation that every article must be paid for, every item from raw material to consumer must be adequately compensated. The maintained price is the most effective means as yet suggested to that end. The maintained price means stable business conditions, power to enforce good pay, good hours and good surroundings for employees. It means the placing of competition on the higher basis of superior service. Customers will no longer seek the advice of the man who knows the most about his business and then purchase from a man who will shave a half of one per cent. off the selling price. The maintained price places brains at a premium. The cut-price fosters trickiness and the lowest ideals of business. The maintained price tends to make the dealer and the manufacturer alike feel a responsibility for the customer. The " cut-rate " tends to the feeling " a bargain's a bargain; let the buyer beware." Even if it were true that cut-rate prices occasionally resulted in actually saving money for consumers, it would not be a genuine benefit, for it would be better for us to do with less than to have things we have not paid for. As a matter of fact, however, cut-prices are always and must be, in the very nature of things, compensated for by higher prices on other merchandise. The maintained price conserves the equality of the customer and assures the manufacturer of well-advertised goods the power to treat all of his patrons alike, regardless of their place of residence.

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THE KITTEN AND THE SHADOW

ALAN D. MICKLE

"I HAVE just been away back to the very beginning of everything," said my philosopher, " and how dim and vague and unreal and far, far away it all seems! Down I go into the depths of my memory as a diver goes down into the depths of the sea. And the deeper I go the darker it becomes and the more shadowy and formless everything is, until the dim overhead glow ceases altogether, and nothing but utter darkness is all around me. How strange it is! Can that shadowy form moving silently, aimlessly, vaguely among a host of other shadowy forms be myself? I compare this memory-picture of the beginning of life to a foggy morning in the country. All is dark, with the darkness ever paling into grey. Then through the greyness loom up formless shapes and a tree appears here and another there, until ultimately the whole forest of trees is before me and even the mountains beyond the trees. Then the hour comes when the curtain of the mists has been wholly withdrawn and I see before me a world of living colors, bathed in tempering shades and the richest of golden sunlight. Life begins for me with little, unimportant, and disconnected details. Then as the years come on the details increase and become more distinct and are not so disconnected. The days become more full; full until my yesterdays are masses of clashing, rolling, blending details, mixed and connected in unutterable confusion like clouds in a tempestuous sky. My consciousness is like a fanlike ray of light that flashes out and illuminates the world through which I have passed. I advance always and as I advance I experience and my experiences become the lighted-up details that make up the world through which I have advanced. And upon those experiences is based all that I know, all that I can ever know. I live only in the Present Moment. And the more highly evolved I am, the more conscious I am, then the wider is the view I command from my Present Moment. When my future passes through my Present Moment it becomes my past and my consciousness illuminates it for a little while, but soon it will be

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beyond the reach of the ray of my consciousness; it will enter the world of the forgotten; it will be for me the unknown.

"I am almost infinitely small," went on my philosopher; "when I look back into my past and perceive all that is illuminated by the light of my consciousness, and just because of that light, conceive of all the æons and æons of past and future darkness that is upon me, then I begin to conceive in a little way how small I am. All that I can know is but a minute suggestion of what I do not know. And I can never know anything but what can be compared with something I have experienced. Every new description must be in old terms. So the memory-picture of my life from the beginning up to the Present Moment is my all-in-all. All that comes before me I must compare and value in comparison with that. When I read a book, for instance, wherein is described the life of a young man, then if the young man's life corresponds in experiences in any way with my own, I love the book and the author of the book. And if the young man performs deeds that I have never done and never could do, but always greatly desire to do, then, though he is unreal, I still love him, for he is still myself, my idealized self, the self of my finest dreams. It is the same with painting and music. I love and sympathize and appreciate only the work wherein is described some state or period of that memory-world into which I so often look. I can understand and realize nothing that is not somewhere within my past. I am no musician and have no ear for music, but there are certain pieces of music that describe marvellously well and truthfully certain of my well-remembered moods and therefore greatly appeal to me. Often I am sad and regretful but at the same time defiant and unrepentant, and there is a waltz tune that expresses for me perfectly that mood. Such a mood the composer of the tune knew and it poured forth from him and found a true expression in sound. And I recognize at once the truth of the expression and my sympathies go out at once to the composer. I know that he has something in common wth me—that he feels as I feel—that as we came along toward the Present Moment, at certain places our ways touched and our paths were one. He has experienced as I have experienced. So all men strive to illuminate and reproduce the past.

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All men strive and must ever strive to speak and to understand and to be understood. And we do so because we must. Why we must is known only by the gods.

"We are all very ignorant and our imaginations are very limited. We must have a beginning and an ending to the influence of our acts. We must have an horizon. When we act we consciously see a beginning and an ending to the influence of our acts, but in reality the influence of our acts reaches myriads of ages beyond our conscious sight and can have no beginning and ending. Imagination depends wholly upon memory and is bounded on every side by experience and can never go beyond that experience. So the wisest man and the most imaginative man will be he who sees most clearly into his own past. What would the description of a battle mean to a man who had never seen bloodshed and never suffered pain? The more vivid his memory-picture of the bloodshed he has seen and the pain he has suffered, then the better he will be able to appreciate and recognize the truth in the description of the battle. What terrors would Hell hold for the man who had never been burnt? and what would Heaven mean for anybody who had never known pleasure? Everything we imagine must be built wholly upon feelings we have known. Behind us is Death and before us is Death. Yet Death is something outside our experience, so we cannot imagine what it is. It is the same with Heaven and Hell and with our gods. Behind us is the cause of which we are the effect and before us is the effect of which we are the cause. And both cause and effect are hidden from us in the darkness whence we came and whence we return. We cannot know these causes and effects any more than we can know Death. But we imagine shapes for them. We give them our experiences, our motives, our attributes or those of our fellow-men. As effects for which we strive we call them supermen; as causes of our striving we call them gods. And we know that our instinct is their intelligence. That is all we know; all we can ever know.

"We are all very small and frail," said my philosopher, "and very unwise. Our greatest wisdom is but gods' folly, and yet our folly would be wisdom to many things that are smaller and more frail and unwise than we are. We have gods above us

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whose greatness we cannot conceive of, but we also are gods. And as we instinctively strive to be as gods above us, so perhaps there are living things that instinctively strive to be as we are. Who knows? I watched a kitten one day playing with a shadow cast by a tree-branch that moved in the wind. And I knew that the kitten saw no connection between these things. And as I watched I thought thus to myself: Why do I think? Why do I dream? Why do I act?—Do I not everlastingly pursue shadows—shadows cast by invisible branches swayed by impalpable winds? For do I ever really see the result of anything I do, or the real reason why I do it? I live; but why do I live? And I die; and what effect has my dying upon the world in which I have lived? I cannot know these things. And only a little while ago I discussed with others the fate of that kitten. Should it be sent away to a new home?—should it be drowned? And all its future depends now to a very great extent upon my word. And it lies nearby to me sleeping probably a dreamless and untroubled sleep. What does it know of my thoughts and ideas that mean so much to it? Does it ever have vague, indefinable longings, little, quickly-passing, motiveless hopes and fears? Does it ever feel what I think? Perhaps it does. And who knows but what sometimes I feel as the gods think? The gods who discuss me and map out my destiny and order my fate and about whom I know less than the kitten knows about me? If I, for a reason I have, sign the kitten's death-warrant, does it know what I do or why I do it? And I, I say to myself, am only a little wiser and more far-seeing than the kitten. Perhaps the gods, laughing among themselves, have already signed my death-warrant. And I—do I know what they do or why they do it? The more I know of the gods the less I know of them. The wiser I am the more ignorant I know myself to be; and the more clear is my memory and the further my imagination penetrates the darkness of the past and the future, then the smaller I conceive myself to be. But what of that? My reason, my brain tell me the futility of living. I see how little, how helpless, how powerless, how useless I am. But my heart, my heart that communes with the mountains and the seas and all in Nature that is grand and wonderful,—my heart whispers to me of something more."

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THE NEW MOVEMENT IN THE THEATRE

SHELDON CHENEY

WHEN the peoples of the earth entered upon the present period of progress, reconsidering all the old standards and traditions in every activity of life, they curiously neglected the theatre. Looking back in dramatic history only a very few years, one may see a condition of stagnation unstirred by any dissatisfaction with old forms, and untroubled by any thought for the demands of art. Even the traditions of the church were challenged before those of the playhouse.

But in a very few years the new movement in the theatre has germinated and budded, so that to-day there is very definite promise of such a flowering as the drama has not known since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In remarkable strides the theatre is catching up with life, and—it is quite as important, though generally forgotten—with art. Within a decade there has been infused into the old body more new blood than for three centuries before.

When such widely antithetical figures as Gordon Craig and John Galsworthy are among the leading exponents of the new movement, it is not surprising that there is much confusion concerning it in the minds of theatre-lovers. It is difficult for the commentator adequately to summarize the movement, both because it is developing in so widely diversified directions, and on account of the closeness of the whole thing. But now, without being able to catalogue and pigeon-hole the many artists and productions concerned, the student still may note two well-defined general trends. Through the many changes in form and treatment, two very distinct new notes are struck.

The phrase "The new art of the theatre" generally has been applied to that form of dramatic art which is especially associated with the name of Gordon Craig, a form in which the theme is so far as possible subordinated to sensuous effect—a drama of pure beauty and impressionism. This side of the new movement may fairly be treated under the general name of the "Æsthetic Theatre." The contrasted form, as exampled

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in the work of Galsworthy, has sometimes been called the "Psychologic Drama," a term necessary to use in the absence of a better, but unsatisfactory. This form differs from the "æsthetic" drama in its tendency to reflect contemporary life, rather than to present purely imaginative story; and in its greater reliance upon the unfolding of a "character" plot through the subtler medium of words. Every important recent development in dramatic art may be grouped under the one head or the other, "Æsthetic Theatre," or "Psychologic Drama." Both are movements toward a drama that is at once founded on the first principles of all art, and specifically fitted to production in a theatre.

The inception of the æsthetic theatre came perhaps twenty years ago as a reaction against the current cut-and-dried form of play. A few enthusiasts realized that the contemporary production in the theatre was without artistic unity, ranging from mere banality on the one hand to a conscious didacticism on the other, but seldom touching within the realms of art. If there was an "advanced drama" movement, it was merely an attempt to make the theatre an interpreter of undramatic literature. The visionaries, as men termed them, dreamed of an art of the theatre that would be true to the underlying principles of all art, imaginative, creative, and unified. Out of their dreams have come the several developments which together make up the æsthetic theatre: the purely symbolic art of Gordon Craig in his mimo-dramas; Max Reinhardt's dramas of modified symbolism; the dance-dramas; and, less directly, the revival of pageantry.

The æsthetic theatre movement as a whole bears to the regular theatre the relationship of Impressionism to all painting; in its appeal to the senses, it is to all drama what Swinburne's musical verse is to literature. In æsthetics, it is on that side of the dramatic field which borders on music. It is conventional, symbolic, and impressionistic, rather than realistic or naturalistic. Instead of relying chiefly upon theme or story, which kindle the emotions through subtleties of thought conveyed in words, this new form makes its sensuous appeal to eye and ear, mainly through pure beauty of sight and sound. In subject-matter it is necessarily removed from the present; it is

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the revelation of imagination, rather than the reflection of life: for to imitate life merely, its followers argue, is not artistic creation. In order that the appeal to the senses may be simple and suggestive, creating sustained mood, there must be perfect unity and harmony of component parts, as, for instance, of action, music and setting.

Gordon Craig was the first secessionist from the traditional theatre; he first advanced the principles of an æsthetic theatre in print, and first applied them to practical production. It is worth while to examine his achievement in detail, more than that of any other leader of the æsthetic movement.

When Gordon Craig came into the theatre as director of staging, he brought with him a knowledge gained from the double training as actor and decorative artist. Knowing the principles of art, he recognized the almost total lack of art in his own profession. He expressed the then revolutionary conviction that there were living no true artists of the theatre. In order that the dramatic production may be a thing of unity and harmony, he argued, there must be one creative mind directing throughout, a mind capable of conceiving and writing the play or scenario, of designing the setting and lighting and costuming, and of training the actors. Only in this way can the production be a thing of prevision, and of definite design.

The first step toward the development of artists of the theatre naturally was an attempt to discover the principles which would underlie the true art of the theatre. During twelve years of producing dramas and investigating, Gordon Craig has found certain of these principles, and has set them down in his books —though in rather fragmentary form. As summarized in the following paragraph, they may be regarded as fairly expressive of the ideals of the most significant development of the æsthetic theatre.

In the first place the whole production must be woven into a single fabric, conceived and executed in unity and harmony—implying in the artist an understanding of every department of theatre work, and the ability to synthesize all the elements. In order that the resultant mood may be sustained, the drama must be stripped of every unnecessary detail of story and of setting;

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thus the attention will not be distracted from the spiritual and imaginative essence of the production to those things which are of interest in themselves but contribute nothing to the main design. Archæological accuracy in detail of setting, and historical truth in story, may be entirely disregarded, so long as the production carries to the spectator the more intangible sense of beauty of atmosphere and artistic truth. In the selection of material the accidentally striking and the photographically correct will give way to that which is characteristically beautiful. The imaginative story must be neither immoral, nor consciously moral; simply unmoral. The setting must be decorative but unobtrusive, and must in color and form strike the keynote of the production; the "scenery" should serve merely as a harmonious background for the action, and not, by any striking beauty of its own, draw attention to itself. The lighting should be beautiful rather than imitative of nature, and should serve to heighten the atmospheric illusion. The costumes should be part of the decorative scheme in color and design. In order that the actors may become part of the harmonious whole, they must realize the value of directed movement, and give up the inartistic attempt to appear "natural" through individual tricks and "realistic" restlessness. Rhythm of line and form should make the movement and grouping of the actors a very valuable decorative feature. Æsthetic dancing may be introduced only when it is an integral part of the drama, rather than an unrelated attraction introduced for its own sake. Music is valuable only as it tends to intensify the essential mood.

In following out these more general principles of dramatic production to their logical conclusion, Gordon Craig developed a particular form of theatre art which has been termed the "mimo-drama." When he came to the conclusion that the production must be the work of one man, he started to simplify by discarding every unnecessary member of the producing staff; he was able to eliminate scene painter, costume designer, and stage manager, by himself designing the settings, costumes and action, and personally directing their execution. But it was impossible for him personally to do the work of the actors. But living actors, with emotions of their own, he argued, cannot sub-

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ordinate themselves to the will of the director to the extent of obeying him absolutely in movement and expression; and the director must work only in materials yielding an absolute response to his own impulses. There was only one thing to do: abolish the actor, and find an absolutely responsive substitute. Gordon Craig substituted the "super-marionette." The change necessitated a drama of silence; but far from being distressed by this limitation, Gordon Craig found it to be an advantage; for, he argued, the strong feelings of primitive and imaginative stories can be expressed better by gestures than by words. So there came into being the new art of the mimo-drama, an art of silent marionettes acting a simple and elemental story, appealing to the senses by the harmony and rhythm and sensuous beauty of perfectly blended movement, lighting and setting.

For a number of years Gordon Craig gave practically his entire attention to the development of the mimo-drama, turning his back upon all other forms of dramatic art. But in his latest book he is more compromising in his attitude. He has at last obtained the endowment for his long-planned "School for the Art of the Theatre." In the investigations at the school in Florence, he announces, he will not alone study the mimo-drama, but will be content only with the study of the art of the theatre in all of its phases.

The mimo-drama of marionettes, in its present unperfected state, perhaps is not the most valuable development of the æsthetic theatre. But it is a form which gives promise of becoming one of the most satisfying of the arts of the theatre. It is without a doubt a thing of suggestive beauty, and, in the purity of its appeal to the imagination, capable of evoking in the spectator something of that rapturous enjoyment which is usually a response to the best music alone. There are not lacking those who impatiently term the new art pure tommyrot; but these are the same scoffers who told us that no one would sit through the production of a wordless drama—before *Sumurun* and the Russian Dancers came. The actorless drama is only one step beyond the wordless drama; and even the cruder marionette "shows" have had champions among the more discerning artists. Certainly the mimo-drama is a form to whose perfecting

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every lover of the theatre should look forward with deep anticipation.

Of the value of Gordon Craig's work aside from the mimo-drama one may write more definitely, for he has directed a number of productions which have been seen by thousands of theatregoers. In these he has followed all of the principles of his new art, except that actors and words have been retained. His production of *Hamlet* at the Moscow Art Theatre especially has been noted by discerning critics as a milepost in the progress of dramatic art. In such productions Gordon Craig achieves much of the same success in harmonizing action, lighting and setting, as in the mimo-drama. It is from this phase of his work, rather than from the more revolutionary mimo-drama, that the other tangible developments of the æsthetic theatre have come. Of these other developments there are four which especially deserve comment.

In the first place there are the men who, without going to the length of discarding words and actors, are applying Gordon Craig's principles to the setting of their dramas, almost without change. Such are Constantin Stanislavsky in Russia, Alexander Hevesi in Austria-Hungary, and Jacques Rouché in France. They are continually working toward the simplification and unification of the whole fabric of the drama, and they are teaching that the scenic background may be decorative and yet harmonious and unobtrusive. They are carrying on the fine battle against naturalism and unmeaning realism in stage setting. Like Gordon Craig, they turn to the imaginative drama rather than to that which is a reflection of contemporary life. They form a connecting link between the regular and the æsthetic theatre.

Secondly, there is the art of Max Reinhardt, who has been practically and commercially more successful than any other artist of the æsthetic theatre movement. Professor Reinhardt has been called a "realist-symbolist." While he unmistakably found the source of his inspiration in the art of Gordon Craig, he modified the latter's pure symbolism, and expressed himself more in the terms of the present. His production of *Sumurun* was one of the few actual dramas of the æsthetic theatre to

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be seen in America. In this "drama of silence" there was the rhythm and harmony of component parts, of scenery, movement and lighting, and the neutral settings, which are typical of the æsthetic drama as a whole; and yet it had a sensationalism and touches of bizarre realism which are Reinhardt's own modifications. Reinhardt is not Craig's ideal artist of the theatre, because the director's is not the creative hand throughout; his scenario or play is written by one hand, the music composed by another, the scenery designed by another; so Reinhardt is more the orchestra leader who attempts to draw out from his helpers what a master intended, than the monumental sculptor who makes his own model and then works personally with his helpers in chiselling out the final form. But his work is a very valuable contribution to the new movement, and he perhaps has been more instrumental than any other in forcing the general acceptance of the underlying principles of the new form.

The third development of the æsthetic theatre is the "dance-drama." Of this form the Russian Ballet is the most notable example. In this type again one reverts to the boundaries of music, where the appeal is completely sensuous. The dance-drama, like the forms already described, finds its first principles in unity and harmony; but the synthesis here is one of movement, sound, and decorative and colorful setting. The blended beauty of music, dancing and scenic background appeals simultaneously to the eye and the ear. Of all the dramatic arts it is furthest removed from the psychologic and literary drama.

And lastly, there is the development of pageantry. This form has grown more independently than any of the others. Accurately speaking, it is not of the theatre; but in its way of appeal it is distinctly allied to the forms of art which Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt have developed. The growth of the pageantry spirit in the past decade has been remarkable in both England and America. While outdoor pageants have none of the compactness of form, and logical unfolding of a complete action, which generally go to make up the "dramatic"; and while the pageant usually is strung together with a historical thread; still the things that make the pageant worth while to the most of us are the sensuous beauty of the dancing, the

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rhythms and changing forms of the great masses of actors, the decorative beauty of juxtaposed harmonious or contrasting costumes, and the richness of broad masses of color against open meadow, or lake, or sky. It is the bigness and the sweeping simplicity of the action blending with the bigness of the unartificial out-of-doors setting that strike the spiritual keynote of pageants. In their simplicity and harmony of parts, when directed by a true artist, they become a part of the general movement toward the æsthetic drama, rather than being merely a form of popular pastime.

Such are the several vital currents in the development of the æsthetic theatre: Gordon Craig's mimo-drama; the symbolic and imaginative drama which he and his closer followers are developing, which differs from the mimo-drama in its inclusion of words and living actors among its materials; Max Reinhardt's dramas of mixed realism and symbolism; the dance-dramas; and pageants. Surely the æsthetic theatre is with us to stay, in more forms than one.

Before turning from the æsthetic theatre to that other development of the new movement—the psychologic drama at its best—it is worth while to pause over certain matters which lie on the borderland between the two forms. The development of the æsthetic theatre has had a tremendous effect upon the old accepted forms of drama, and even upon the newer psychologic drama. The truth is that the principles which Gordon Craig and his followers have worked out are those which should apply to every production in the theatre, whether aimed to appeal entirely to the senses, or not. That the setting of the drama should be beautiful or tasteful in itself, that it should be in harmony with the essential spirit of the production, or even strike a keynote for the whole production, and that it should be unobtrusive and so designed as not to distract attention from the more important action, are principles that seem obvious enough now that Craig has stated them. But they were practically never applied to staging until he came into the theatre. Now, however, there is a very definite movement toward their acceptance, and against the naturalism which David Belasco in America, and Sir Herbert Tree in England, have so exploited.

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The artists of the new movement have shown that even the simplest hangings, with their long lines and restful masses, are more fitted for the background of the average drama than the usual tawdry flapping scenery. They have pointed out the impossibility of making painted perspective look right from more than one point in the auditorium, and the inevitable discrepancy between the painted and the actual shadows; and they have shown how each superfluous object on the stage tends to draw the eye away from the action. Now even those producers who are furthest removed from the ideals of the æsthetic theatre are recognizing that the acceptance of these principles is less a fad than a return to the foundations which underlie all true dramatic art. Gordon Craig has perfected a new system of screen settings, which are easily shifted, thus doing away with the necessity of long waits between the acts; which do not interfere with lighting from the top and sides, thus allowing the inartistic footlight to be eliminated; and which provide a neutral and harmonious background for the action. The screen system of setting seems destined to cause a revolution in staging.

There is a curious intolerance in the attitude of the followers of the æsthetic theatre toward the psychologic drama, and often an unfortunate impatience among the followers of the latter art toward the former. Probably the cause is to be found in that the followers of the one form continually visualize the other in its imperfections, while they are able, through long poring over their own type, to see it in its ultimate ideal beauty. As a matter of fact the æsthetic theatre and the best development of the psychologic are similar in that both are reactions from the old and generally accepted inartistic forms. While contrasted, both are founded on the principles of art, and are returns to simplicity, unity and truth. Both are distinctly arts *of the theatre*. The differences are not in the fundamental art principles, but in the authors' aims, and in their emphasis on material. To say that the lover of drama cannot appreciate the one form and remain true to the other, is like saying that one cannot appreciate both painting and sculpture, or that one cannot recognize the richly delicate beauty of an etching and still feel the sensuous charm of a Japanese print.

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The psychologic drama was doubtless first so named because it is primarily the unfolding of a story of human souls. Its appeal is through the subtle delineation of soul-crises, rather than by the outward charm of color, movement and sound. The term is really too broad to apply exactly to that development of the new movement which lies opposite to the æsthetic theatre. It covers more than the form of dramatic art which Galsworthy, Barrie, and the younger men are practising. And yet there is no more exact name for this new development. It might truly be called the drama of sincerity; but to have called it that while contrasting it with the æsthetic theatre would have implied insincerity to the latter, than which nothing could be more unfair.

But whether one can catalogue the new psychologic art or not, one may be very sure that it exists, and that it forms one of the two great healthy advances in the theatre in the past decade. And by study one may find its underlying principles.

First and most important, sincerity is its keynote. In general, it is a return from the merely theatric, which strangled art in the theatre for so many decades, to the truly dramatic. It does not strain to appear natural, and yet it is never unnatural. It always rings true.

The drama of sincerity is true to life in the sense of being true to the deeper motives of human character and to the underlying currents of social development; not in the sense of being photographically true to outer aspects and irrelevant details. It differs from the older theatre in depicting the inner spiritual forces which are dramatic rather than the chance happenings which are purely theatric. Its dramatists believe that the art of the æsthetic theatre, on the other hand, comes perilously near to acting merely as an anæsthetic. They argue that the art which stirs men's souls to the depths is more vital than the art which merely touches and lulls the senses. So they deal in soul-crises, aiming to make the audience emotionally experience their own and their characters' feelings. Their productions are not "problem plays" except in the sense that everything which concerns the deeper feelings of thoughtful people is a problem. Because they are true to their own time, the general spirit of their plays is humanitarian, or even socialistic in the best sense

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of the word; but they are never propagandist. The playwrights have kept their viewpoint as artists of the theatre: so they do not preach, but they make the audience feel; they remember that true art carries an intellectual stimulus only through emotional suggestion, and not by direct statement.

The phrase "literary drama" has been applied to the plays of this new group of dramatists in an attempted disparagement. It is really only an added glory. For no plays were ever written more specifically for the theatre—or what the theatre ought to be as a house of art rather than of business—and with greater regard for the limitations of theatre production. That Galsworthy's *Strife,* and Masefield's *Nan,* and Houghton's *Hindle Wakes,* make very good reading matter, only shows that the authors are literary artists as well as successful playwrights; it does not at all show that they are unfitted for stage production. Those who saw the unusually fine company which the Manchester Repertory Theatre sent to America last year in a series of plays by Galsworthy, Masefield, Arnold Bennett, and Bernard Shaw, know what keen and purely dramatic pleasure the dramas of the new movement afford when interpreted by an adequate cast of players.

Starting from a "pure art" basis, the æsthetic theatre has enjoyed a certain isolation, which has allowed it to develop with constant reference to its ideal form. The psychologic drama, on the other hand, has been close to the accepted theatre, with a consequent constant temptation to be influenced by old traditions and commercial standards. The difficult goal which a few of the newer dramatists have now reached, doubtless was seen by many who surrendered along the way. Their failures came chiefly in two general directions: first, in the lowering of standards by catering to popular taste, as exampled in the conscienceless use of improbable happy endings, and in the introduction of features interesting and sensational in themselves but without organic relation to the total dramatic design; and second, in the blind following of schools and masters. A certain group became convinced that great art lay entirely in the treatment of the sordidnesses of life, and they descended to the most depressing intellectual horrors in their plays; they followed their master,

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but they had not his power of so clothing an unpleasant theme with beauty and spiritual significance that its ultimate form was noble and uplifting. Even now the dramatists of the new movement are suffering from a lack of the sense of the nobility of life. They are not quite close enough to the eternal mysteries of the wholesome human soul. They too often chill with a sense of the futility of living, rather than warm with a sense of the richness of life.

If one judges absolutely by the standards laid down, one must admit immediately that the dramas of the new movement are rich in promise rather than in achievement. If one is looking for the Sophocles or Shakespeare of the new movement, one must admit that the time of the great master is not yet come. But it is worth remarking when we have two or three men who seem to be young giants dramatically, and at least a half dozen others who each have produced one or more plays of distinctly lasting quality, and all following a single development in the art of the drama.

Who, then, are the notable dramatists of the new movement? Taking only the English writers, they are: first and most typically, and at the same time richest in promise, John Galsworthy; J. M. Barrie; John Masefield, in a limited field; Bernard Shaw, when he is most dramatic and least propagandist; more imperfectly, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker and St. John Hankin; the group who are almost beginners, headed by Basil Hastings; and the Irish school, from Synge to St. John Ervine.

Galsworthy is, indeed, at once the most typical and most promising dramatist of the new movement. He is the one man to whom the world may look most hopefully for the flowering of the new form of drama. His is the double equipment of dramatic craftsman and literary artist. In his passion for literary expression he does not scorn to consider the limitations of the modern theatre; and yet in bowing to the necessity of those limitations, he does not violate his artistic conscience. And most of all, he is sincere—always true to himself. There was a transition period when he found it difficult to free himself from the diffuseness of the novel form, and to write within the in-

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finitely more rigid lines of play structure. Even so late a play as *Justice* has lapses to novelistic faults, in repetitions and in the greater reliance on qualities and material aside from the central emotional motive. It is rather in *Strife* that one finds him most completely master of his powers; and only a little less so in the earlier play, *The Silver Box.* To the lover of the theatre it is very encouraging to see a man who has been so successful in pure literature turning to the drama in recognition of its superior position as a power in contemporary life. It is the poet, the true artist, come again after many centuries into the theatre.

In so far as Bernard Shaw is a dramatist at all, he is of the new movement; but he is rather the moralist and reformer. Going back to his work of the nineties, to *Candida* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* one may find the truly dramatic element in a greater or less degree mixed with the moralistic; but in the later work, in the plays of the period and the style of *Getting Married,* there is little that is especially fitted for production in the theatre. Bernard Shaw is by far the most brilliant writer of dialogue, and the most daring thinker, that has come into the English theatre; but he is too impatient of rules and forms to take the trouble to cast his plays into the dramatic mould which will make them emotionally appealing. And true drama is always emotionally appealing. Shaw has really advanced the new movement more by stirring the contemporary playwrights to think deeply, than by his direct contribution to the theatre.

Arnold Bennett may yet succeed in the theatre as brilliantly as he has in the field of novel writing; and his ideal is that of the new dramatists. But as yet he has not been able to throw off the novelist's diffuseness of form. In *What the Public Wants,* one of the few of his works seen in actual production in America, there were technical faults which showed an incomplete understanding of the rigid economy of means necessary to the building up of a logical play structure. It is curious that Granville Barker, a man of extensive experience in the theatre, should have fallen into the same fault. His plays are marred not only by the introduction of material foreign to the central theme, but

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by the inclusion of characters who might be eliminated without harm to the main dramatic design. And yet one is forced to look expectantly to both Bennett and Barker, because the man of artistic perception, who only lacks in his technique, is far nearer to the goal than the perfect technician who has shown no literary power and no artistic conscience.

Those who are watching the development of the drama of sincerity look eagerly for new plays by Barrie, who keeps his literary distinction while adapting himself to the limitations of the theatre; and by Masefield, whose *Nan* appealed so wonderfully when acted by Irene Rook in a season all too short; and they think with sorrow of the arrested genius of Synge, whose achievement dwarfs by comparison the works of the other Irish dramatists.

But the dramatic writers of a still younger generation are being watched with even greater interest, because their work is so remarkable for comparative beginners. In this group is Basil Hastings. The late Stanley Houghton promised great achievement. His one important play, *Hindle Wakes,* takes rank with the very finest productions of the new movement. He showed notable technical power, independence of thought, and sincerity. One might add Cosmo Hamilton's name to this younger group; but his sincerity is less courageous than that of Galsworthy and Houghton, if he may be judged by his widely discussed play, *The Blindness of Virtue.* Perhaps it was his overpowering desire to be sure of an audience for his theme, that made him sugar his story with humor and sentimental touches which are not organic. But certainly the play is a little too artificially sweetened to be entirely truthful.

A word remains to be said about the progress of the new movement in the United States. Unfortunately a word will suffice. In the application of the principles of the æsthetic theatre, there have been several interesting experiments in America: notably at the Chicago Little Theatre, the Boston Toy Theatre, and the Boston Opera House; but there has been little progress in the "regular" theatres.

When one considers the psychologic drama and American playwrights, one looks in vain for men to compare with Gals-

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worthy, Barrie, Synge and Houghton. In writing the farce, and in producing the anomalous "play with a punch," there is a great facility on this side of the Atlantic; but there is little of the drama of sincerity, that is at once powerful and subtle, perfect in technique, and touched with the magic of poetry. There are poetic playwrights, like the very able Percy MacKaye; but they seem not to make their work dramatically persuasive, nor do they reflect the life of the time. On the other hand, there are the powerful writers like Eugene Walter and Charles Klein, who often are sincere in that they depict life as they see it; but they lack the sense of beauty; either they have not poets' souls, or they do not put their souls in their work. In the recent American plays there is a great promise, and every condition is ripe for its fulfilment. The material and the audience are ready at hand; they only await the dramatist who is the perfect balance of dramatic craftsman and poet. The actual achievement is small, when one judges by the standard of a Galsworthy; but there are names to conjure with in all seriousness: MacKaye, Knoblauch, Walter Klein, Augustus Thomas, Broadhurst, Sheldon, Kenyon.

In summary, one may say that the new movement in America is hardly more than a promise, but that in England and on the continent it is both a promise and a worthy achievement. It has gone far enough to prove itself a vital, lasting development. The new artists of the theatre are on the one hand creating an æsthetic drama, a new form of artistic expression that reveals beauties heretofore undreamed of in connection with the playhouse; on the other hand they are developing from the regular theatre the new drama of sincerity, replacing the older theatricality with a form that is truly dramatic. Indeed there is a budding of dramatic activity without parallel in the history of the English theatre since the early Elizabethan period; it is still a question whether there will follow the full flower of a second dramatic renaissance; but there are not lacking lovers of the theatre who believe that there will. At least there is no longer a condition of untroubled stagnation in the theatre; and it will be a great many decades before the drama again can be divorced from art.

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SORROW

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SORROW like a ceaseless rain
Beats upon my heart.
People twist and scream in pain,—
Dawn will find them still again;
This has neither wax nor wane,
Neither stop nor start.

People dress and go to town.
I sit in my chair.
All my thoughts are slow and brown:
Standing up or sitting down
Little matters, or what gown
Or what shoes I wear.

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THREE DISAGREEABLE GIRLS

JAMES HUNEKER

I

Hedda

HAZLITT tells us in a delightful essay about the whimsical notion of Charles Lamb that he would rather see Sir Thomas Browne than Shakespeare. A pleasant recreation is this same picking out "of persons one would wish to have seen." Causing great annoyance to Ayrton at an evening party, Lamb rejected the names of Milton and Shakespeare, selecting those of Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. For the prince of essayists there was mystery hovering about the personalities of this pair. I have often wondered if the most resounding names in history are the best beloved. Or in fiction. What is the name of your favorite heroine? Whom would you like to meet in that long corridor of time leading to eternity, the walls lined with the world's masterpieces of portraiture? I can answer for myself that no Shakespearian lovely dame or Balzacian demon in petticoats would ever be taken off the wall by me. They are either too remote or too unreal, though a word might be said for Valerie Marneffe. In the vasty nebula of the Henry James novel there are alluringly strange women, but if you summon them they fade and resolve themselves into everlasting phrases. In a word, they are not tangible enough to endure the change of moral climate involved in such a game as that played by Charles Lamb and his friends.

But Emma Bovary might come if you but ardently desired. And the fascinating Anna Karénina. Or Becky Sharp with her sly graces. Perhaps some of Dostoievsky's enigmatic, bewildering girls should be included in the list, for they brim over with magnetism, very often a malicious magnetism, and their glances are eloquent with suffering, haunt like the eyes one sees in a gallery of old masters. I do not speak of Sonia, but of the passionate Natasia Philipovna in *The Idiot,* or Aglaya Epanchin,

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in the same powerful novel, or Paulina in *The Gambler*. However, we cannot allow ourselves the luxury of so many favorites, even if they are only made of paper and ink. I confess I am an admirer of Emma Bovary. To the gifted young critics of the day the work, and its sharply etched characters, has become a mere stalking-horse for a new fangled philosophy called "Bovarysme," but for me it will always be the portrait of that unhappy girl with the pallid complexion, velvety, dark eyes, luxuriant hair and languid charm. Anna Karénina is more aristocratic; above all she knew what happiness meant; its wing only brushed the cheek of Emma. Her death is more lamentable than Anna's—one can well sympathize with Flaubert's mental and physical condition after he had written that appalling chapter describing the poisoning of Emma. No wonder he thought he tasted arsenic and couldn't sleep. Balzac, Dickens and Thackeray were thus affected by their own creations, yet Flaubert is to this day called "impersonal," "cold," because he never made concessions to sentimentalism, never told tales out of his workshop for gaping indifferents.

As for Becky Sharp, that kittenish person seldom arouses in me much curiosity. I agree with George Moore that Thackeray, in the interests of mid-Victorian morality, suppressed many of her characteristics, telling us too little of her temperament. Possibly, Mr. Moore may err, Becky may have had no "temperament," notwithstanding her ability to twist men around her expressive digits. That she was disagreeable when she set herself out to be I do not doubt, in fact she is the protagonist of a whole generation of disagreeable heroines in English fiction. Bernard Shaw did not overlook her pertness and malevolence, though all his girls are disagreeable, even—pardon the paradox—his agreeable ones. But they are as portraiture far too "papery," to borrow a word from painters' jargon, for my purpose. They are not alive, they only are mouthpieces for the author's rather old-time ideas.

I mention the four heroines of a former period, Valerie, Becky, Emma, Anna, not because they are all disagreeable, but because they are my pets in fiction. Thoroughly disagreeable girls are Hedda Gabler, Mildred Lawson and Undine Spragg.

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Of course, in a certain sense old Wotan Ibsen is the father of the latter-day Valkyrie brood. The "feminist" movement is not responsible for them; there were disagreeable females before the flood, yet somehow the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century have produced a big flock in painting, music (Richard Strauss's operas), drama and literature. Hedda boldly carved out of a single block stands out as the very Winged Victory of her species. In her there is a hint of Emma Bovary; both are incorrigible romanticists, snobs, girls for whom the present alone exists. She is decadent inasmuch as her nerves rule her actions, and at the rising of the curtain her nerves are in rags. Henry James finds in Ibsen a "charmless fascination," but by no means insists on the point that Hedda is disagreeable. Nor is he so sure that she is wicked, though he admits her perversity. The late Grant Allen once said to William Archer that Hedda was "nothing more nor less than the girl we take down to dinner in London, nineteen times out of twenty," which, to put it mildly, is an exaggeration. The truth is Hedda is less a type than a "rare case," but to diagnose her as merely neurasthenic is also to go wide of the mark. Doubtless her condition may have added bitterness to her already overflowing cup; nevertheless Hedda is not altogether a pathological study. Approaching motherhood is not a veil for her multitude of sins. How soon are we shown her cruel nature in the dialogue with devoted Thea Rysing, whose hair at school had aroused envy in Hedda! She pulled it whenever she got a chance, just as she pulled from its hiding-place the secret of the timid Thea. Simply to say that Hedda is the incarnation of selfishness is but a half-truth. She is that and much more.

Charmless never, disagreeable always, she had the serpent's charm, the charm that slowly slays its victim. Her father succumbed to it, else would he have permitted her to sit in corners with poet Eiljert Lövborg and not only hold hands but listen to far from edifying discourses? Not a nice trait in Hedda—though a human, therefore not a rare one—is her curiosity concerning forbidden themes. She was sly. She was morbid. Last of all she was cowardly. Yes, largely cerebral was her interest in nasty things, for when Eiljert attempted to translate his re-

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lated adventures into action she promptly threatened him with a pistol. A " demi-vierge " before Marcel Prévost. Not as admirable as either Emma Bovary or Anna Karénina, Hedda Gabler married George Tesman for speculation. He had promised her the Falk villa—the scene plays up in Christiania—and he expected a professorship; these, with a little ready money and the selflessness of Aunt Julia, were so many bribes for the anxious Hedda, whose first youth had been heedlessly danced away without matrimonial success.

Mark what follows: Ibsen, the sternest moralist since old John Knox, doesn't spare his heroine. He places her between the devil of Justice Brack, libertine and house-friend, and the deep sea of the debauched genius, Lövborg. To make a four-square of ineluctable fate she is flanked on either side by her mediocre husband and the devoted bore, Thea Elvsted. Like a high-strung Barbary mare—she was of good birth and breeding—her nerves tugging in their sheaths, her heart a burnt-out cinder, Hedda saw but one way to escape—suicide. She took that route and really it was the most profound and significant act of her life, cowardly as was the motive. She was discontented, shallow, the victim of her false upbringing. In a more intellectual degree Eiljert, her first admirer, is her counterpart. Both could have consorted with Emma Bovary and found her " ideals " sympathetic. Emil Reich has called *Hedda Gabler* the tragedy of mésalliance. It is a memorial phrase. George Tesman and Charles Bovary are brothers in misfortune. They belong to those husbands " predestined " to betrayal, as Balzac puts it. Councillor Karénin completes the trio and Anna hated his large ears; but before Karénin Charles Bovary was despised by Anna because of his clumsy feet and inexpressive bearing, and for his habit of breathing heavily during dinner. George Tesman with his purblind faculties, amiable ways and semi-idiotic exclamations will go down in the history of fiction with Georges Dandin, Bovary and Karénin. As for Hedda, her psychological index is clear reading. In *Peer Gynt* one of the characters is described thus: " He is hermetically sealed with the bung of self, and he tightens the staves in the wells of self. Each one shuts himself in the cask of self, plunges deep down in the ferment of

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self." Imperfect sympathies, misplaced egoism—for there is a true as well as a false egoism—a craze for silly pleasures, no matter the cost, and a mean little vanity that sacrificed lives when not appeased. She is the most disagreeable figure in modern drama. Were it not for her good looks and pity for her misspent life and death she would be absolutely unendurable. The dramatic genius of Ibsen makes her credible.

II

Mildred

While Hedda Gabler is "cerebral" without being intellectual, you feel that she is more a creature of impulse than Mildred Lawson, who for me is George Moore's masterpiece in portraiture. Hedda is chilly enough, Mildred is distinctly frigid, yet such is the art of her creator that she comes to us invested with warmer colors; withal, about as disagreeable a girl as you may encounter in the literature of to-day. Now Mr. Moore is an outspoken defender of the few crumbling privileges of man at a time when the "ladies" are claiming the earth and adjacent planets. Yet I don't believe he wrote *Mildred Lawson* (in the volume entitled *Celibates*) with *malice propense*. Too great an artist to use as a dialectic battering-ram one of his characters, yet for all that he makes Mildred very "modern." She doesn't despise men, nor does she care much for the ideas of her dowdy friend the "advanced" Mrs. Fargus; on the contrary, she makes fun of her clothes and ideas, though secretly regretting that she hadn't been sent by her parents to Girton College. Like Hedda she is ambitious to outshine any circle in which she find herself. Modern she is, not because of her petty traits, but simply because Mr. Moore has painted a young woman of the day, rich, and so selfish that at the end her selfishness strangles the little soul she possesses. Her brother Harold, a sedate business man, is also a celibate whose ambition in life seems to be the catching of the 9:10 a. m. train to Victoria Station and the return to his suburban home on the 6 p. m. (He is not unlike a fussy little man, Willy Brooks, in the same Irish writer's early novel, *Spring Days*.)

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A rejected but ever hopeful suitor of Mildred's about comprises her domestic *entourage*.

She is ambitious. She hates the "stuffy" life of a *hausfrau*, but marriage makes no appeal, since the breaking of her engagement with Alfred—who is also a man with punctual business habits. She despises conventional men, and is herself compact of conventionality. In her most rebellious moods the leaven of Philistia (or the British equivalent, Suburbia) comes to the surface. She dares, but doesn't dare enough. "It needs both force and earnestness to sin." As in the case of Hedda Gabler, it is her social conscience that keeps her from throwing her bonnet over the moon, not her sense of moral values; in a word, virtue by snobbish compulsion. One thinks of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the searing irony of his sonnet, *Vain Virtues*. The virtue of Mildred Lawson is vanity of vanities and the abomination of desolation.

She often argued that "it was not for selfish motives that she desired freedom." Her capacity for self-illuding is enormous. She didn't love her drawing-master, the unfortunate Mr. Hoskin, who had a talent for landscape, but no money, yet she allowed the man to think she did care a little and it sent him into bad health when he found she had fooled him. The scene in the studio, where the dead painter lies in his coffin, between Mildred and his mistress—a model from the "lower" ranks of life—is one of the most stirring in modern fiction. The "lady" comes off second-best; when she begins to stammer that she hoped the dead man hadn't suggested improper relations, the unhappy girl turns on her: "I dare say you were virtuous more or less, as far as your own body is concerned. Faugh! women like you make virtue seem odious." Mildred, indignant at such "low conversation," makes her escape, slightly elated at the romantic crisis. A real man has died for her sake. After all life is not so barren of interest!

She goes to Paris. Studies art. Returns to London. Again to Paris and the forest of Fontainebleau, where she joins a student colony and flirts with a young painter; but it all comes to nothing, just as her work in the Julian Studio has no artistic result. Mr. Moore, who is a landscape painter, has drawn a

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capital picture of the forest, though not with the fulness of charm to be found in Flaubert's treatment of the same theme in *Sentimental Education*. The little tale is a genuine contribution to fiction in which art is adequately dealt with. When *Celibates* appeared, Henry Harland said that *Mildred Lawson* was worthy of Flaubert if it had been written in good English, which is a manifest epigram. The volume is a masterpiece in little, a perfect breviary of selfishness.

Tiring of art Mildred takes up society, though she gets into a rather dubious Paris set. A socialist deputy and his wife protect her and she becomes a brilliant contributor—at least so she is made to believe—to a publication in which is eventually sunk a lot of her money. Her brother has warned her, but to no avail. At this juncture the tale becomes slightly mysterious. Mildred flirts with the deputy, his wife is apparently willing—having an interest elsewhere—and suddenly the bottom drops out of the affair, and Mildred poorer, though wiser, returns to her home in England. She has embraced the Roman Catholic religion, but you do not feel she is sincerely pious. It is one more gesture in her sterile career. At the end we find her trying to evade the inevitable matrimony, for she is alone, her brother dead, and she an heiress. Suspicious of her suitor's motives—it is the same faithful Alfred—she wearily debates the situation: "Her nerves were shattered, and life grows terribly distinct in the insomnia of the hot summer night. . . . She threw herself over and over in her burning bed, until at last her soul cried out in lucid misery: 'Give me a passion for god or man, but give me a passion. I cannot live without one.'" For her "mad and sane are the same misprint." And on this lyric note the book closes.

I believe if Hedda Gabler had hesitated and her father's pistol hadn't been hard by, she would have recovered her poise and deceived her husband. I believe if Emma Bovary had escaped that snag of debt she would have continued to fool Charles. And I believe Mildred Lawson married at last and fooled herself into the belief that she had a superior soul, misunderstood by the world and her husband. There is no telling how vermicular are the wrigglings of mean souls. Mildred was a snob, there-

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fore mean of soul; and she was a cold snob, hence her cruelty. That she was an eminently disagreeable girl I need hardly emphasize. Nevertheless the young chaps found her dainty and her poor girl friends, the artists, envied her pretty frocks. She had small shell-like ears, ears that are danger signals to experienced men.

When I re-read her history I was reminded of the princess in the allegory of Ephraim Mikhaël, called *The Captive*. She was the cold princess held captive in the hall with the wall of brass. Wherever she turns or walks she sees a welcome visitor: it is always her own insolent image in the mirrors on the walls. These mirrors make of herself her own eternal jailer. When she gazes from the window of her prison tower she sees no one. No conquering lover comes to deliver her from the bondage of self. In the slave who offers rare fruits and precious wines in cups of emerald she sees only a mockery of herself, the words of consolation remind her of her own voice. "And that is why the sorrowful Princess drives away the beautiful loving slave, more cruel even than the mirrors." Egotist to the end, both Mildred and the Princess see naught in the universe save the magnified image of themselves. And, judging from the exceedingly frank confessions of George Moore in his newest book, *Vale*, there is a lot of her creator in Mildred Lawson.

III

Undine

Perhaps there is more than a nuance of caricature in the choice of such a name as "Undine Spragg" for the heroine of Edith Wharton's *The Custom of the Country*. Throughout that book, with its brilliant enamel-like surfaces, there is a tendency to make sport of our national weakness for resounding names. Undine Spragg—hideous collocation—is not the only offence. There is Indiana Frusk of Apex City, and Millard Binch, a combination in which the Dickens of *American Notes* would have found amusement. Hotels with titles like "The Stentorian" are not exaggerated. Miss Spragg's ancestor had invented "a

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hair waver"; hence the name Undine: "from undoolay, you know, the French for crimping," as the simple-hearted mother of the girl explained to a suitor. Mrs. Wharton has been cruel, with a glacial cruelty, to her countrywomen of the Spragg type. But they abound. They come from the North, East, South, West to conquer New York, and thanks to untiring energy, a handsome exterior and much money they "arrive" sooner or later. With all her over-accentuated traits and the metallic quality of technique in the handling of her portrait, Undine Spragg is both a type and an individual,—she is the newest variation of Daisy Miller—and compared with her brazen charmlessness the figures of Hedda Gabler and Mildred Lawson seem melting with tenderness, aglow with subtle charm and muffled exaltation. Undine—shades of La Motte-Fouqué—is quite the most disagreeable girl in newest fiction. She has been put under a glass and subjected to the air-pump pressure of Mrs. Wharton's art. She is a much more viable creature than the author's earlier Lily Bart, the heroine of *The House of Mirth*. At least Undine is not sloppy or sentimental and that is a distinct claim on the suffrages of the intelligent reader. Furthermore, the clear hard atmosphere of the book is tempered by a tragic and humorous irony, a welcome astringent for the mental palate.

In Apex City Undine made up her mind to have her own way. She elopes and marries a vulgar "hustler," but is speedily divorced. She is very beautiful when she reaches New York. No emotional experience would leave a blur on her radiant youth, because love for her is a sensation, not a sentiment. By indirect and cumulative touches the novelist evokes for us her image. Truly a lovely apparition, almost mindless, with great sympathetic eyes and a sweet mouth. She exists, does Undine. She is not the barren fruit of a satirical pen. Foreigners, both men and women, puzzle over her freedom, chilliness and commercial horse-sense. She doesn't long intrigue their curiosity, her brain is poorly furnished and conversation with her is not a fine art. She is temperamental in the sense that she lives on her nerves; without the hum and glitter of the opera, fashionable restaurants or dances she relapses into a sullen stupor, or rages wildly at the fate that made her poor. She, too, like Hedda and Emma,

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lives in the moment, a silly moth enamored of a millionaire. Mildred Lawson is positively intellectual in comparison, for she has a "go" at picture-making, while the only pictures Undine cares for are those produced by her own exquisitely plastic figure. No wonder Ralph Marvell fell in love with her, or, rather, in love with his poetic vision of her. He was, poor man, an idealist, and his fine porcelain was soon cracked in contact with her brassy egotism.

He is of the old Washington Square stock, as antique—and as honorable—as Methuselah. Undine soon tires of him, above all, tires of his family and their old-fashioned social code. For her the rowdy joys of Peter Van Degen and his set. The Odyssey of Undine is set forth for us by an accomplished artist in prose. We see her in Italy, blind to its natural beauties, blind to its art, unhappy till she gets into the "hurrah" of St. Moritz. We follow her hence, note her trailing her petty misery—boredom because she can't spend extravagantly—through modish drawing-rooms; then a fresh hegira, Europe, a divorce, the episode with Peter Van Degen and its profound disillusionment (she has the courage to jump the main-travelled road of convention for a brief term) and her remarriage. That, too, is a failure, only because Undine so wills it. She literally kills her first husband because she wins from him by "legal" means their child, and in the end she again marries her divorced husband, Elmer Moffatt, now a magnate, a multi-millionaire. She has at last followed the advice of Mrs. Heany, her adviser and *masseuse*. "Go steady, Undine, and you'll get anywheres." We leave her in a blaze of rubies and glory at her Paris château, and she isn't happy, for she has just learned that being divorced she can never be an ambassadress, and that her major detestation, the "Jim Driscolls," had been appointed to the English court as ambassador from America. The novel ends on this *coda:* "She could never be an ambassador's wife; and as she advanced to welcome her first guests she said to herself, that it was the one part she was really made for." The truth is she was bored as a wife, and like Emma Bovary, found in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

You ask yourself, after studying the play, and the two novels,

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if the New Woman is necessarily disagreeable. To my way of thinking it is principally the craving for novelty in characterization that has wrought the change in our heroines of fiction, although new freedom and responsibilities have evolved new types. Naturally the pulchritudinous weakling we shall always have with us, ugly girls with brains are a welcome relief from the eternal purring of the popular girl with the baby smile. But it would be a mistake to call Hedda, or Mildred, or Undine, New Women. Mildred is the most " advanced," Hedda the most dangerous—she pulled the trigger far too early—and Undine the most selfish of the three. The three are disagreeable, but the trio is transitional in type. Each girl is a compromiser, Undine being the boldest, and she did a lot of shifting and indulged in much cowardly evasion. Vulgarians all, they are yet too complex to be pinned down by a formula. Old wine in these three new bottles makes for disaster. Undine Spragg is the worst failure of the three. She got what she wanted for she wanted only dross. Ibsen's Button-Moulder will meet her at the Cross-Roads when her time comes. Hedda, like Strindberg's Julia, may escape him because, coward as she was when facing harsh reality, she had the courage to rid her family of a worthless encumbrance. If she had been a robust egoist, and realized her nature to the full, she would have been a Hedda Gabler " reversed," in a word, the Hilda Wangel of *The Master Builder*. But with Mildred she lacked the strength either to renounce or to sin. And Undine Spragg hadn't the courage to become downright wicked; the game she played was so pitiful that it wasn't worth the poor little tallow-dip. What is her own is the Will-to-Silliness. As Princess Estradina exclaimed in her brutally frank fashion: " My dear, it's what I always say when people talk to me about fast Americans: you're the only innocent women left in the world." . . . This is far from being a compliment. No, Undine is voluble, vulgar, and " catty," but she isn't wicked. It takes brains to be wicked in the grand manner. She is only disagreeable and fashionable; and she is as impersonal and monotonous as a self-playing pianoforte.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Italy and the War

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Many things may have happened before this letter reaches you, but, even after the event, anticipations are not without interest.

Deep down in my heart I believe that the war will last very long, that it is not a question of a war between nationalities, but a war of the races. How intensely hated the Teuton element is is difficult to describe, but from every quarter comes the same cry. I believe Europe will exhaust herself in this war, and of course we cannot conceive what the consequence of it all will be. I feel sure that America will readjust herself very shortly, and separate her affairs in such a way from Europe that she will no longer be affected to the extent that she seems to be affected at present.

The financial situation in Italy is very trying. At the same time, I quite believe that the situation will not alter, that is, to the worse, in case Italy declares war. I believe that all these arrangements which are being made now are simply a preparation for the event of war. Should war break out now, everything will be settled and go on just the same. Neither the Government nor the people will lose their heads. Of course, business is paralyzed, but the different decrees have at least foreseen the financial crisis and thus saved innumerable people from bankruptcy. The wisdom of this Government has been very excellent, and from the look of things, and the men that they have, I believe that they will not be lacking in further good policy.

Of course, Italy is entirely and permanently out of the Triple Alliance, and at the first moment she is ready to declare war on Austria in order to save and protect her interests in the Adriatic. If she joins anybody, she will join England. She does not love France overmuch. She never did, and the people are anything but sympathetic to each other. That the Germanic peoples will be beaten seems to be certain, and if you look at the ethnological map of Austria you will see that more than three-fourths of the Austrian states are inhabited by Slavs and Latins—all of them hating the Austrian, that is, the Teuton. The grievances of each country against the Teuton have been of too long standing for there to be any likelihood of a "let-up" in the war until it is all fought out. Denmark wants Schleswig-Holstein, France Alsace-Lorraine, Russia the re-union of Poland, Italy Trent and Dalmatia, to say nothing of all the Austrian states who are looking forward to their independence.

These are strange times, with stranger to follow.

ROME

M. GREATOREX

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Germany and the War

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Europe is behind the spirit of the times in her division into groups of separate political and industrial interests. Ambition, jealousy, unfair competition, intrigue, the whole corollary of lower passions must necessarily be the result. Seek ye first the kingdom of the devil, and all these things will be added unto you! Edward Carpenter says: "Sin is separation."

Germany, in her position, must either play the part she has done, or content herself with the rôle of a lesser Power and the pursuit of "idealistic tendencies." She might have been the first to have the vision of the kingdom of God in Europe, as President Wilson has it here; but a *nouveau riche* hardly ever has aspirations—he is too busy investing his money. So was Germany, and she showed wisdom and ingenuity in her judgment. The "war machine" was not her only achievement: she gave to the lowest of her subjects a sense of beauty and order, a chance for a healthy and trained body and an alert mind to coöperate with that body for a decent livelihood. Having static class distinctions, she did far more for the upper strata.

But now came the danger point—the second generation. The sons of rich men may be great men, but some of them may be profligates. Germany's literature, stage, and the morals of the upper (?) classes indicated such a tendency, and almost everywhere, in varying degrees, an inclination toward materialism became apparent. Almost everywhere the germ of the new life lies also in the German heart. May not this war be the March wind that will sweep away the débris of a bygone civilization and religion, and make room for the new? That it may be so is my prayer—not to an omnipotent and arbitrary Providence, but to the universal goodness in man.

F. M.

NEW YORK

Oxford on the War

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I do not know if you have yet had an opportunity of reading, among the many books called forth by the war, the recent statement of Great Britain's case by members of the Oxford faculty of modern history. It contains an appendix of original documents, including the full text of the German White Paper, as issued in the English language by

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the German Government. The gist of the book, which is written with rather unusual detachment, is as follows: from the Treaty of Frankfort (1871) onward, the idea of a German world-empire has grown steadily, and the school of Treitschke has always regarded the overthrow of France and England as a preliminary to that end. But the programme did not become official until the fall of Bismarck. From then onward, Germany has dissociated herself from Russia, and the Triple Alliance has had to face the gradual *rapprochement,* for mutual defence, of Russia and France. Great Britain, however, has very largely ignored German ambitions. Until the eve of the present war she refused to believe that Germany would enter upon a war of aggression for the dismemberment of colonial empires. But she could not ignore the possibilities made clear by the pressure of events, such as the attitude of Germany toward France and Russia and the extraordinary growth of the German fleet, and she therefore drifted from her position of isolation into friendly understandings with France and Russia. Events in 1911 strengthened these understandings and it was at last informally understood that Great Britain and France would stand together to prevent aggression and preserve peace. But England did not act upon this understanding until, by August 4, 1914, she had exhausted all the possibilities of preserving peace, and had almost exhausted the patience and faith of Russia and France.

The authors of the book realize that the race for armaments was not begun by Germany: they draw attention to the Boulanger Law of 1886, when the peace footing of France was materially increased. "The beginning of the evil was perhaps due to France; but if so, it was a France which viewed, with just alarm, the enormous strides in population and wealth made by Germany since 1871 "—and, it may be added, by the propaganda of world-empire then being carried on in Germany, following the threat of 1875. When Germany, after the fall of Bismarck, entered the race for armaments, it was plain that the only thing that could save France from a repetition of 1870 was the Russian Alliance. The intentions of Germany were, so far as France was concerned, never in doubt. The new German theory of the State, with the doctrines of Treitschke and others, made it impossible for an independent France to survive unless she found friends. She found them.

The German fleet, as well as her immense armies, had been an increasing anxiety to Europe. But, as the authors of the book point out, it was only natural that Germany should wish for a strong fleet. It was needed to defend her foreign trade, her colonial interests, and her own seaports. That Germany should lay down a definite programme six years ahead, and that the programme should become more extensive at each revision, was not necessarily a proof of malice. But England received a shock in 1900, when the programme of 1898 was unexpectedly and drastically revised, so that the German navy was practically doubled.

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England was at that time engaged in the Boer War, and it was hard to see against whom the new fleet could be used if not against England. This was pointed out from time to time by the Socialist opposition in the Reichstag. It was impossible for British statesmen to avoid the suspicion that, on sea as on land, the Germans meant by liberty the right to unlimited self-assertion.

It is interesting further to note that the authors of the book pay a special tribute to the Kaiser, whom they do not consider primarily responsible for the war. They believe that he was "sincerely and honestly working in favor of European peace, against obstacles little dreamt of by our country-men." They place the blame for the German attitude upon the German military clique controlling the destiny of the empire.

HENRY MAITLAND

LONDON

The Federation of the World

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—An attempt is being made to depreciate the value of peace treaties, on the ground that nations do not always keep their solemn obligations. There has recently been a notable example of such a failure, and there may and probably will be others before the international code of honor is satisfactorily established. But that is no reason why we should refrain from working for ordinary common sense and decency. One might as well assert that because a few men whom one meets in social intercourse may be unpolished or even uncouth, therefore good manners and mutual consideration should be abandoned as useless.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, the appeal of the world to-day is more and more from force, and further and further toward tolerance and reason. It is sometimes supposed that in the new Federation of the World which the pacifists are working for, there will be an international military force to compel any truculent minority to respect the wishes of the presumably reasonable majority. But this is not necessarily so. Some kind of international police, or guardians of the peace, will be needed at first: but those who believe that the relations between nations cannot be conducted in the same way as the relations between friendly neighbors, have quite misunderstood the general tendency of progress. The great war itself, which the more obtuse have brought forward as the supreme argument against peace, has done more than anything else to give concrete form to aspirations and ideals. Ten years ago, perhaps six men out of eleven would have accepted the principle of the new ideas, but intimated that human nature was essentially so crude that no firm basis could ever be found for world-wide friendship. Now, ten men out of eleven, so

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far as I can judge, accept whole-heartedly the idea that all men should, can and will live together in amity. It is merely a matter of bringing into focus the innumerable streams of public opinion which have been gathering strength during the last decade, and doubling and trebling that strength during the last three months.

The few who are incredulous might at least refrain from inconsiderate criticisms. *We* are trying to do something, to achieve; and even if we do not at once succeed absolutely, there will be a gain. *They* are trying to do nothing except sneer. They have nothing to suggest, and are content to assert that men must inevitably be murderers, as they were in the beginning, are now and ever will be.

They want mankind to continue to live in a decayed, ramshackle cottage. We offer to build a new house, storm-proof and capacious. We have all the materials and we have the builders. We want only the ground in which to lay the new foundations, and we propose therefore to tear down the decayed cottage as soon as possible, even if we have to camp out in the open while the rebuilding is going on.

One final suggestion. Will the Doubting Thomases study for a little while the history of our own country and see how from thirteen separate commonwealths, with few ties of cohesion and innumerable jealousies and resentments, these United States have been built up into a nation which has absorbed and modified the most heterogeneous elements? What we propose to do with the whole world is little more than has already been done in our own case, and surely on a sufficiently large scale to justify further experiments!

H. L. ADAMSON

CHICAGO

The Supreme Artist

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—"Twentieth Century" writes with evident sincerity and feeling in the correspondence department of your last two issues. But I would suggest to him, in all friendliness, that the idea of a God of Love can scarcely be substantiated by such knowledge of life and the universe as we at present possess. If there be a God in any personal sense, why should we clothe him with ordinary human atrributes of compassion and kindness? We see practically all living creatures constructed so that they must prey upon each other for existence. Consider the perpetual murder-orgy, for instance, of an apparently quiet acre of ground on a sunlit Sunday morning: think of the life and death tragedies of the insect world. Consider also, as another instance, the complacency with which human beings regard the atrocities of their slaughter-houses.

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If we are willing to draw correct conclusions from the facts of observation and experience, is it not clear that the universe was planned (if it were planned at all) by an Intelligence so remote from the Christian conception that it is difficult for us now to adjust ourselves to the naked facts? May not the Creator of the universe be pitiless in his omnipotence—just an artist who has created the supreme tragedy of life because of the marvellous dramatic qualities involved, but caring no more for the materials used than a painter would care, so far as compassion goes, for his colors? I only offer this as a viewpoint that may give rise to suggestive reflection.

ELEATIC

NEW YORK

The Ancient Enchanter

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Might I be permitted to suggest that perhaps the greatest service to truth which could be rendered in the literary world to-day would be such an exposition of ancient and modern "mystic" poetry and prose as would trace the demonic force, scope and persistence of its underlying motive, namely, revolt against what is known as the revelation of God contained in Holy Writ, a criticism which would show these mixtures of a lie which savor so cunningly of truth, purity and love, "in goblets of radiance," to be but the cup of that ancient Enchanter whose harvest increases with the years.

Perhaps, however, the cumulative manifestation of the demonic pride, wrath, despair and malevolence which is surely contained in these writings might prove too overwhelming for human hearts to contemplate.

I may add that for mild expression of the Gospel of the Underworld we need not go to the "Futurists"; any anthology will suffice.

H. C. BENNETT

SPANISH TOWN

God and Energy

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The present war in Europe has been called the breakdown of civilization, and it has also been attributed to the failure of Christianity. Any fool is at liberty to sneer at religion, but who dare question the wisdom of science? In this letter I intend, not only to suggest, but also to try to prove that science is primarily responsible for the carelessness and shallow thinking which led inevitably to this war; also that the fundamental error, which may be called the tap-root

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of the evil which threatens civilization, lies in an assumption that underlies all practical scientific belief in regard to available energy or opportunity for life. The current scientific teaching in regard to available energy may perhaps be briefly and approximately stated thus:

All available energy, without which there can be no life, was originally derived from the sun.

This available energy cannot be increased by any means whatsoever, but it is being continually "lost" by transformation into unavailable forms of energy. Available energy so "lost" can never be recovered.

It will be observed that the correctness of each of these doctrines rests upon the truth or falsehood of the last proposition. That being the case it would naturally be imagined that this position would be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

On this point I will quote briefly from the article on Energy in the last edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica:* "Though controlling all phenomena of which we have any experience, the principle of the dissipation of energy rests on a very different foundation from that of the conservation of energy: for while we may conceive of no means of circumventing the latter principle, it seems that the actions of intelligent beings are subject to the former only in consequence of the rudeness of the machinery which they have at their disposal for controlling the behavior of these ultimate portions of matter. . . . If we have to deal with a system of molecules of whose motions in the aggregate we become conscious only by indirect means, . . . it is obvious that we cannot grasp single molecules and control their movements so as to derive the full amount of work from the system. All we can do in such cases is to place the system under certain conditions of transformation and be content with the amount of work which it is, as it were, willing to render up under the circumstances."

If the last sentence quoted be correct—and it seems indisputable—then the possibility of utilizing atomic energy in the aggregate by indirect means is apparently admitted; but, if that be the case, then all the current scientific teaching in regard to available energy or opportunity for life is based on an assumption only. This assumption may be disproved, but, from the nature of things, it never can be proved: all that can be proved being that those who enunciate and uphold the doctrine are incapable of transforming this energy into an available form—which may be entirely probable.

If these premises as laid down by science are granted—as they are almost universally at present—then it necessarily follows that the struggle for existence must increase in intensity as the supply of available energy diminishes, and no amount of preaching, editorial or otherwise, or altruistic sentiment will alter the fact.

If these premises are correct, then those who are best able to survive have the best claim to survive, and might not right is the sole arbiter.

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These "scientific" doctrines underlie the philosophy of Nietzsche, and the philosophy of Nietzsche underlies German militarism, and German militarism caused the war. (If the statement that German militarism caused the war be objected to as controversial, then all militarism, in the last analysis, rests on the same basis.)

It seems to be a plain case of cause and effect, and the so-called iron law of necessity may have no existence save in the system made unavoidable by the crass stupidity which attempts to lay down the law to God and man. Lord Kelvin, when announcing the principle of the "dissipation of energy" in 1852, stated that "any restoration of mechanical energy without more than an equivalent of dissipation is impossible." What reason had he for laying down this dictum? I will again quote from *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (Energetics, p. 397): "In fact the only reason hitherto thought of for the invariable tendency of available energy to diminish, is that it represents the general principle that in the kinetic play of a vast assemblage of independent molecules individually beyond our control, the normal tendency is for the regularities to diminish and the motions to become less correlated: short of some such reason, it is an unexplained empirical principle."

Does that seem to be a sufficient reason for limiting the destiny of mankind with the word "impossible"? It will be noted that, while the independent molecules may be individually beyond our control, the theory that they are beyond our control collectively is a pure assumption.

This assumption is a direct contradiction to the conservation of energy in an available form, and it is an assumption only, without a vestige of proof behind it. If that assumption is correct, then it inevitably follows that mankind will be finally wiped off the face of the earth after ages of struggle and cruelty and agony unspeakable. What manner of deity could preside over such a system, unless it be Moloch or Baal?

On the other hand, if the energy which is apparently "lost" in matter can be recovered, then the law of conservation of energy can be extended so as to include the conservation of available energy; and the principle known as the "dissipation of energy" would only show that all energy has a tendency to that form where it can be controlled by intelligence. If a higher Intelligence designed the whole, then the probability, or rather the certainty, is that the control of that energy would be placed in the hands of intelligence, instead of being sealed up unavailably in dead matter.

At the present time science ignores the possibility of any intelligence higher than that of the scientists, and, assuming that all available energy is derived either directly or indirectly from the sun, and that this available energy is being continually dissipated and can never be recovered, it predicates a continuous and increasing struggle for existence as the supply

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of available energy diminishes with the lapse of time. The present writer has no connection with any visible church, and has no scientific pretensions whatever, but, instead of accepting the premises so arrogantly dictated, he suggests that it might rather be possible to predicate the Almighty and a clear track for human progress. Assuming that the amount of "unavailable" energy is practically unlimited, and assuming also that the unseen Power behind the visible universe is beneficent in purpose, then it necessarily follows that there *must* be some means whereby man can utilize that inexhaustible supply. The doctrine that, in spiritual matters, man can draw on a Higher than himself for life eternal, has its complement in the assumption that, in physical matters, he can rely on the same Providence for energy that endures. In revealed religion it is stated in specific terms that, in the ideal state, they have no need of the sun, as their God will give them light: and light, it need hardly be added, is only a form of energy. That is the issue, God or Baal.

It will probably not be disputed that the amount of this "unavailable" energy is practically unlimited, and as all energy has a tendency in that direction it could never be depleted to all eternity. If this unlimited energy were available it would mean an unlimited supply of heat, light, power, water, etc., and there is no country in Europe which could not support at least double and probably ten times its present population with ease, especially so if peace and good-will prevailed among men.

The trouble would probably lie in another direction. If unlimited energy were available, some commodities might be so plentiful that they would have little more market value than air or sunlight; and, if the worst came to the worst, it might even be necessary to follow the general working rule of beings that can draw on the infinite, "Give, and it shall be given to you."

Turning to the present system of rational mammonism where men are driven to fight like brutes for the brute's portion, it appears that the war which is now being waged to determine by force which races are to survive and dominate, is only a logical demonstration of the tendency and results of the present system.

The tree is known by its fruits. Our present civilization has been built on a foundation of mingled truth and error, and the flaw in the foundation threatens to bring the whole structure to the ground.

The system which has been developed bears a suspicious resemblance to that which was foretold as "Babylon the Great," and, if that be its identity, it has been doomed by a higher Power than man, and shall fall and not rise again.

ANDREW YOUNG

VANCOUVER

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Shakespeare's English

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I notice that in your September issue there is what seems to me a peculiar use of the word "repairing." The passage occurs in the correspondence department, in the letter headed *Drastic Punishment,* and runs as follows:

"The New York *Globe,* which has been doing such excellent work in repairing the deficiencies of our so-called health authorities..."

Does not "repair" mean to bring back to full power or effectiveness? Why, then, should *The Globe* endeavor to bring the deficiencies of our health authorities to their full development? Surely we don't want to restore deficiencies. We want to eliminate them.

JAMES E. SMITH

NEW YORK

[Every man who does not understand English should buy a reliable dictionary. Many excellent dictionaries are available. "Repair" does not mean only to restore or renew, but also to make amends for, to indemnify for. Shakespeare was content to write:

"I'll repair the misery thou dost bear"—

and he did not mean that he would restore the misery or make it more acute.—EDITOR.]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Crucify Him

A LITTLE less than nineteen centuries ago, a great teacher and healer, whom some called the Son of God, was accused of doing good to his fellow-men, was found guilty, and condemned, amid public plaudits, to be crucified. It was a wonderful verdict and a wonderful sentence: for timelessness was with it, and to-day, as then, the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, is crucified.

He has been deified and worshipped. Millions of men have spent their lives in expounding his teachings. The whole course of history has been changed by the birth and death of the seer who once stooped and wrote with his finger on the ground.

And yet, to-day, he stands for nothing. His creed is a myth, his gospel of love a discredited convention, which not a single Church or a single State in the world has ever tried to live up to. There has never yet been a Christian nation, and there has never yet been a really Christian Church.

There never will be a Christian nation or a Christian Church until men can put away all lies and hypocrisy, and see themselves as they really are; and, in seeing themselves, see their God: for God, we are told, made man in His own image.

But man has little use for the image of God. At the best, it is food for powder. Let it rot in flame-swept fields, and be carrion where once were villages and gardens, but now are blackened ruins. A million corpses, or two millions, or three: what do they matter to the Christendom, not of Christ, but of Cæsar?

The cities and the towns burn; the flight of the refugees continues; the babies are murdered, and their mothers perish. For this is the nineteenth century of the Christian dispensation.

God and Provincialism

A LITTLE while ago, the people of the United States of America were praying, as a nation, for peace. The President had indicated a particular day when all God-fearing men and women should entreat the Almighty to rescue the Old World

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from the delirium of madness into which it had drifted. It was apparently assumed that the reiteration of appeals by well-meaning but, on the whole, rather ignorant people, might have a beneficial effect upon the Controller of the Universe. He might be persuaded, perhaps, through the earnest efforts of masses of people, imposing by mere bulk, to reverse His evident decision to permit a devastating and intolerable war. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

Yet however absurd, to some minds, may seem the attempt to interfere with the divine plan, neither poet nor philosopher will find it easy to make the issue quite clear. Were we praying to an Almighty and Benevolent Deity to do something which He might well have done unprompted? Must He wait to be asked before giving to His children good or evil gifts? If so, who begged Him to permit the outbreak of this orgy of blood? Or is it only the good things that must be prayed for, while the evil are given unsought? Or again, if God, moving in most mysterious ways, makes use of human agencies, then the will-to-peace of a nation may surely be as important a factor as the will-to-war of a militarist clique.

So much depends, for the individual, upon the individual's conception of God, as personal or impersonal, in being or in the making, with or without body, parts, passions, prejudices. To the majority of present-day theists, He is neither an abstraction nor an eternal sleeper, but an active Overseer of the universe and its myriad lives, that He has created and is still moulding. And since, according to those who hold this view, He has intimated that prayer may have far-reaching results—" more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of "—then a suppliant nation may seem a fact of profound significance and strange potentialities, if only for the personal reactions involved.

Each to his own vision and his own judgment. But is it not about time, at least, that the individual nations and the individual leaders of the nations should cease to consider Providence as a mere national perquisite? " God of our fathers " is a resounding phrase, but, with its various equivalents, it is too often applied with a possessive, proprietorial implication. Cardinal Wolsey's famous " ego et rex meus " becomes in modern days " ego et

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deus meus"; Heaven is annexed to each of the empires, and kings and kaisers proclaim publicly their appreciation of valuable divine assistance, present and prospective.

The God whom, in our different ways, we strive to discover and understand, can surely have no more, and no less, to do with the carnage in Europe than He has with the perpetual murder in our stock-yards and slaughter-houses. For good or for evil, the affairs of this world, and the domination of this world, are apparently left with mankind—born of the slime of the sea, mounting through ape to ultimate archangel. "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life": whether in a day, or in an æon, what matter? In our own hands now is the issue of all things temporal, and we cannot escape the responsibility by thrusting it upon God, or by repeating the shibboleths that have only a sentimental value, but no pertinence to our present problems. We, and not Allah, Jehovah, Christ, Buddha, are responsible for our deeds and misdeeds. If, then, we pray, let our prayer be articulate: for the granting or withholding of the boon desired is with ourselves. Man is the measure of his universe, and the master of his destiny.

The Lights of Freedom

THE statement attributed to Rudyard Kipling, that in the event of Germany's success in the war "the lights of freedom would go out throughout the world," is a little insular. It is true that the German idea of freedom varies in many ways from the Anglo-Celtic; but it does not follow that either idea is necessarily to be despised. Though neither Germany nor Prussia has parliamentary government of the English type, the Kaiser's administration has been wonderfully effective in other than military ways and in many respects has set an example that the world might well imitate. And when a nation of educated, efficient and intelligent people is as a whole content with its government, proud of its Emperor and satisfied with its own general lot in life, it is absurd to consider that that nation is a nation of slaves, and that any expansion of its influence in the world means a corresponding extinction of the lights of freedom.

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England is a great and rich country: but the poverty of her "submerged tenth" is appalling. The shivering wretch on the Embankment may pride himself upon his freedom to starve, but he would be looked after a little better in Germany, in spite of the lack of parliamentary facilities for controlling Cabinets.

It is not necessary to multiply instances for comparison. Mr. Kipling's statement was made in good faith, but without sufficient reflection. It is natural for him to prefer the system of government to which he has become accustomed, but extravagant innuendoes, on one side or the other, should be avoided. They bring no help toward the solution of the great problem.

Germany's Worst Enemies

IT is often painfully true that a man's worst enemies are those of his own household, and the adage is equally applicable to nations. Germany has not been well served by the attempts of her sons to vindicate their fatherland: complete silence would have been far preferable to the nonsense that has apparently seemed satisfactory to widely varying types of Teutons. The early control of news channels by the Allies was understood, and allowances were made by all who were in a position to express an opinion of any value. A policy of dignity and restraint would have reaped its inevitable reward: but the policy that has actually been pursued has alienated many of those who still prefer argument and discussion to abuse and intolerance.

A Suggestion

THERE has been far too much unseemly wrangling in connection with the war and the efforts to explain national feeling and disavow national responsibility. It is evident that the limitations of birth, training and environment are more stringent than would, until now, have been considered probable in the case of men of high intellectuality and international reputations.

It should not be impossible for honest inquirers to reach a settlement with regard to any subject whatsoever. But when the mind is warped in childhood, the so-called judgment of ma-

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turity has little value. The acorn of prejudice may produce a very sturdy oak, and every school in every country has a large supply of acorns.

Perhaps one of the results of the war—and not a minor result—will be the awakening of the public conscience to the dangers of this deliberate mistraining of youth, so that men of different nations can scarcely discuss any topic with fairness, because of the implanted bias. If all the school histories of the world, for example, were carefully collected and cremated, and replaced by a series of international text-books compiled under the direction of an international committee, a great forward step would be taken in the direction of decency and true education. And there is no reason whatever why this should not be done.

Fifty-five

THOSE who have been attributing all manner of evil intentions to the Kaiser, accusing him of blood-lust, arrogant ambitions and a mania for world-power, have perhaps not given full consideration to the fact that he is fifty-five years of age. Whatever may have been his dreams and desires at different periods of his life, he is now an elderly gentleman and a grandfather. Even at forty, the more fantastic illusions begin to disappear: it is scarcely credible that at fifty-five there should remain any craving to splash blood through the pages of history and emulate the great slaughterers who have gained the infamy they toiled for. The Crown Prince is still young enough, perhaps, to make mistakes: but his father is entitled to the assumption that, at fifty-five, he has reached years of discretion.

The British War Office

THERE are indications that the British War Office is trying to live up to its cherished traditions of incompetence. Such efficiency as has been shown may be credited to the driving power of Lord Kitchener; but it would be extraordinary if the permanent officials neglected this supreme opportunity for the display of red tape. The gentleman who was responsible, some time

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ago, for limiting reënlistments in order to save the cost of the trivial pensions that might become due, has no doubt been promoted to a position where he can do the greatest possible damage with the least possible delay. He should receive every encouragement, for the soldiers who are offering their services to their country now must be taught quite clearly that they are an expensive and impertinent nuisance, not to be tolerated by highly paid and supercilious officials.

A Little Wisdom

DEAN INGE, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, recently made some unusual statements (from a clerical viewpoint) in a sermon preached in the cathedral.

"I do not believe," he said, "that there was ever a time when Christians thought less about Heaven than they do now.

"Those who are most in earnest about improving the condition of human society in this world look upon this Heaven as a fairy story, and many of them think that the clergy are trying to keep them quiet by giving them promissory notes to be paid in another world which does not exist.

"They even look upon the doctrine of a future life as a profitable fraud which, after many centuries, has at last been exposed, and so they say, 'We prefer payment in cash: your bank up in the sky has stopped payment.'

"Eternal life is not something future; it is now. I believe that if we dwelt on this aspect of eternal life—as a blessed state to be begun here and perfected hereafter—we should find the doctrine more fruitful to ourselves and more credible to those we wish to influence.

"Working-men would rather hear us say, 'I do not know,' than have crude symbols given to them as literal facts."

Atrocities

LIES are told during the conduct of every war: for without lying war would be impossible. But it will take Europe a long time to recover from the horrors that are only now beginning to be realized in their full intensity.

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When allegations of barbarism are first made, there is a natural feeling of incredulity. But slowly and steadily, the evidence accumulates and is brought home personally by personal references. When the world really realizes all that has happened, the feeling at present associated with Louvain and Rheims will be merely phlegmatic indifference compared with the overpowering emotion that will submerge all provincialism and leave the nations racked, penitent, but impotent to change the irrevocable.

Mr. Bryan's Critic

MR. BRYAN has often during his career been favored with bitter and even virulent criticism; but probably he would prefer to any previous diatribes the recent denunciations of his peace treaties by Colonel Roosevelt. If the ex-President has still any friends or any influence in the country, the percentage of intelligent men and women must be a little less than has been commonly supposed.

The Secretary of State has made war practically impossible between this country and twenty-seven other nations. Naturally, Colonel Roosevelt is distressed: for if, as he has lucidly stated, any individual treaty should by any possibility break down, and a war that would have taken place without the treaty should take place in spite of it, then the responsibility of the Secretary of State would be enormous. This is characteristic Rooseveltian nonsense, and is paralleled only by the public apology, twice announced, that a certain war did not assume greater dimensions: "But it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go around." A man who, in jest or in earnest, could give utterance to such a sentiment, has no place in American public affairs to-day, and his childish criticism of Mr. Bryan's achievement will show the country what it has been saved from by Colonel Roosevelt's failure to re-occupy the White House.

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